THE TIMES.

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ANNEXATION SENTIMENT.

The attempt of *Mr.* Sol White, M. P. P. to work up an annexation sentiments throughout Ontario, is not meeting with much success. Even in that old Liberal stronghold, the county of Oxford, and at a meeting held in the old Reform town of Woodstock, the idea was repudiated almost unanimously by a large gathering of electors. Mr. White was the principal speaker in favor of annexation, and after declaring that if it were a matter of sentiment no one had warmer sentiments towards Britain than himself, he then attempted to show that annexation with the United States would be preferable to any of the other destinies outlined for Canada. Messrs James Sutherland, M. P., H. B. Beard, Q. C., Rev. Dr. McMullen and others followed, declaring themselves in the name of the Liberals of Oxford County as opposed to the doctrine preached by Sol White and Goldwin Smith, and also declaring that Commercial Union did not mean political union.

We are pleased to see the Liberals of Oxford county take this decided stand against those who although they have taken the oath of allegiance to the Queen are going about the country preaching such treasonable doctrines and trying to excite disaffection among the people. "A British subject I was born A British subject I will die," was quoted at a Reform meeting was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and showed that the watchword of Canada's declaration of Independence is the sentiment of all loyal British Subjects in Canada

Annexation with the American Republic finds no place in the political creed of the people of Canada. We believe that the policy of the Liberal party during the last campaign, would, had it been successful at the polls, have caused the question to be discussed seriously. The people see too well that they have very little to gain and a great deal more to lose by breaking the thread, which although fine as gossamer, is strong as steel which binds us to the Mother country. We do not think that the people of any part of the Dominion take any stock in the theory that annexation is the manifest and ultimate destiny of Canada. On the contrary an increasing faith in the development of the unlimited resources of the country, a desire to fashion our institutions after the pattern of those grand old British institutions from which we draw our best inspirations is the characteristic of the Canadian people at present. Apart from all question of sentiment, which is of itself an important factor with the people, we fail to see how our circumstances would be improved by making such a change. Politically we would lose our identity, the name of Canada would be dropped from the map, and the influence of five millions of people would amount to practically nothing, in a nation of seventy millions. Canadian affairs would be managed at Washington by wire pulling politians entirely out of sympathy with the feelings of the people of the new appendage to their territory. Canada is a self governing country, although a part of the British Empire, and has adopted the system of local and municipal government which the people have considered best adapted to the needs of the country. This is entirely different from that of the United States, and we think preferable. Annexation would mean a complete change of all this.

Taking everything into consideration, the Canadian people are quite content to remain as they are, for another generation at least, developing the resources of their country and building up a free progressive and intelligent nationality. When the time arrives to change, annexation with the United States will not be the future that will be chosen.

CONTESTED ELECTIONS

The number of petitions entered against members returned at the last general elections was 110, or just about one half of the whole number of representives. Of these 46 were against Conservatives, namely:—18 in Ontario, 13 in Quebec, 11 in Nova Scotia, 2 in New Brunswick and 2 in Manitoba, while against Liberals, 64 petitions were filed, of which 29 were in Ontario, 22 in Quebec, 5 in Nova Scotia, 3 in New Brunswick, 4 in Prince Edward Island and 1 in Manitoba. The courts have been busy with these cases since parliament was prorogued, and already 25 of them have been disposed of, with the following result:—

LIBERALS UNSEATED.

James Trow, South Perth, Ont.
W. Gibson, Lincoln, Ont.
F. H. Spohn, East Simcoe, Ont.
Israel Tarte, Montmorency, Que.
F. W. Borden, Kings, N. S.
F. G. Forbes, Queens, N. S.
—Truax, E. Bruce.

CONSERVATIVES UNSEATED.

David Henderson, Halton, Ont.
John A. McDonald, Victoria, N. S.

OTHER SEATS VACANT.

Kingston (Sir John A. McDonald).
Quebec West (Hon. T. McGreevy).

PETITIONS AGAINST CONSERVATIVES DISMISSED.

Col. Tisdale, South Norfolk, Ont.
A. McNeill North Bruce, Ont.
Col. O'Brien, Muskoka, Ont.
O. Carnigan Champlain, Que.
Sir Hector Langevin, Three Rivers Que.
Dr. Granbois, Temiscouata, Que.
T. M. Daly, Selkirk, Man.
A. W. Ross, Lisgar, Man.

PETITIONS AGAINST LIBERALS DISMISSED.

A. Campbell, Kent, Ont.
J. Charlton, North Norfolk, Ont.
J. E. Bowman, North Waterloo Ont.
Thos. Bain, North Wentworth Ont.
W. Mulock, North York, Ont.
Dr. Guay, Levis, Que.
J. H. Leduc, Nicolet Quebec
James Fremont, Quebec County, Que.
R. M. Rider, Stanstead, Que.
R. Watson, Marquette, Man.

JUDGEMENTS PENDING

J. I. Davidson, Lib. South Ont
Jas. Grieve, Lib. North Perth.
Thos. Murray, Lib. Pontiac.

It is generally expected that the petitions in many cases will not be proceeded with, but more than a score of by elections are certain to be held before the next session of Parliament. As, however, all the new contests are to take place upon the revised voterlists, it is unlikely that any writs will be issued much before next year.

The following is a list of the trials yet to occur in Ontario:—

London	London	Nov. 26
East Elgin	St. Thomas	Dec 2
Peel	Brampton	Dec 3
North Victoria	Lindsay	Dec 3
South Grey	Walkerton	Dec 3
South Oxford	Ingersoll	Dec 9
W. N'thumb'rl'nd	Coburg	Dec 7
Cen'l Wellington	Guelph	Dec 7
West Middlesex	London	Dec 7
East Middlesex	London	Dec 9
Nor'l Wellington	Guelph	Dec 10
South Victoria	Lindsay	Dec 10
West Huron	Goderich	Dec 14
Prince Edward	Picton	Dec 14
Prescott	L'Original	Dec 14
Lennox	Napanee	Dec 17
East Peterboro	Peterboro	Dec 21
Addington	Napanee	Dec 21
Haldimand	Cayuga	Dec 21
Bothwell	Dresden	Dec 24
South Essex	Sandwich	Dec 28
Monck	Cayuga	Dec 29
Algoma	Port Arthur	Dec 29
East York	Markham	Jan 5
East Hastings	Belleville	Jan 12

At a Conservative gathering in Glasgow, Scotland, last week. Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, declared very positively that Ireland would never attain her desire to have a parliament sit in Dublin

The difference which separate the Conservative and Liberal parties, he declared are more profound at the present time than they have ever been before in the memory of the two generations of British statemen. The Irish Nationalist party was broken into disjointed fragments by the death of Parnell, and the Liberal Unionists would ever be found on the side of order and loyalty. Judging from the reports of scenes recently enacted in Cork and other places in Ireland, it would appear as if there was some truth in the charge that Irishmen are incapable of governing themselves.

In looking for papers in which to advertise for a teacher, the school board should not have stopped at the Atlantic. They might have found good advertising mediums on the other side of the ocean. The London Standard, the Glasgow Herald, the Paris Figaro, or the Berlin Gazette, might have been patronized with advantage. Of course is never occurred to these enlightened trustees, that there are just as good teachers in the Moose Jaw district as in the eastern provinces, and that there is a paper published in Moose Jaw. After reading the report of their last meeting, which is copied from the secretary's minutes, what do the ratepayers think of the actions of this cabal?

DOMINION ALLIANCE

Business Tranacted at the Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Northwest Branch of the Dominion Alliance was held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Regina, last Tuesday.

Quite a number of delegates were present from different parts of the Territories. After routine business it was resolved to renew efforts to secure the introduction of temperance text books into the public schools.

The secretary's report showed that Mr. Spence had addressed 44 public meetings since his arrival in the Territories.

To assist Mr. Spence in his work and to promote temperance education there has been distributed 140,000 pages of literature which dealt with every phrase of the temperance question

A permanent committee composed of sixteen of the most prominent men in the Territories was appointed, whose duty it would be "to watch and advise in all legislation coming before the Legislative Assembly that may affect the temperance cause or the liquor question, and to take such action as they may deem wise to secure the very best and most effective kind of legislation possible in these matters.

Touching municipal matters the following resolution was passed:—

"That inasmuch as municipal bodies having to do with control of police and other details of law enforcement and legislation of the greatest importance in reference to the moral welfare and home life of every citizen * * * we urge upon our friends the necessity of taking immediate action looking to the placing of men of sound principles and friends of moral reform in the field at the coming municipal elections, and that a vigorous effort be made to secure the election of such candidates in every municipality."

The finance committee in submitting their report recommended that $700 be raised immediately to meet the expenses of the current year, and urged upon the temperance people to send in their contributions at once to the treasurer, W. D. Cowan, Regina.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were:—Rev J. M. Harrison, Regina, President; G. H. V. Bulyea, Qu'Appelle, 1st Vice President; Rev. A. Campbell, Grenfell, 2nd Vice President; R. Tees, Moosomin; J. Hardy, Indian Head; P. Ferguson, Kenville; A. L. Clifton, Calgary; R. P. Richardson, Grenfell; Dr. McLean, Moose Jaw; Mr. Mc Lennan, Rev. Mr. McKillop, Lethbridge Rev. Mr. Carmichael, Regina; Supt. Niblock, Medicine Hat; Rev. C. W. Gordon, Banff, vice-Presidents; W. D. Cowan, Regina Sec-Treasurer, re-elected; Rev. J. H. King, Regina, Asst. Secretary.

Votes of thanks were passed to Mr. F. S. Spence, Mr. Robson, Winnipeg, Mr. Watkins, Hamilton, and Mr. Orr, of Toronto, and to the Royal Templar councils in Manitoba and the Northwest for the assistance rendered by them during the recent elections.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Interesting Correspondence from Rev. Dr McLean.

The following notes of his trip, by Rev. Dr. McLean, will be interesting to the readers of the TIMES.

PORT ARTHUR, Nov. 1891.—We reached here on Saturday after spending about an hour in Fort William, which is destined to become one of the great towns in Western Ontario. The Canadian Pacific railway has erected two large elevators with a capacity of one million bushels each. Buildings of a substancial character are going up rapidly. When in Winnipeg we spent a pleasant hour inspecting the Northern Pacific hotel, one of the wonders of the city. It was a rare sight to stand under the eaves of this lofty palace and view the busy throng, and and the plains far distant beyond the bounds of the corporation. Kind friends and genial officials of the Canadian Pacific railway enlightened my burdens and prepared the way for my mission being successful. A short visit to Wesley College, and a chat with Principal Sparling, increased my loyalty, if that were possible, to Wesley College. A site will be purchased for the college worth about $20,000. The Manitoba Historical Society rooms and library received a few moments of our precious time. We were pleased to note the developement of the library and a few additions to the special Northwest department. This could be vastly improved and enlarged. There are many volumes relating to the history of the Northwest which are not there.

Strolling down Main street we were stricken with surprise as we gazed in the window of one of the largest stores and read the following advertisement;

"Wanted:—A strong boy from 16 to 18 years of age, for farm work. No Old Country English need apply."

The poor colonist seems to be asserting his rights, and that, in a very rash manner. Winnipeg is growing in a very substantial manner. There are fine buildings, energetic churches, good colleges and school, social and benevolent institutions indicative of enterprise and culture. In Port Arthur we met the genial pastor, Rev. A. W. Ross and his wife, where we were entertained loyally, and royally. An electric railway is being built to connect the town with Fort William three miles distant. Visited the high school and took note of the arrangements of the building and all the equipment, with the methods of teaching. At the painter's shop of Russell & Whitehead, we saw paintings of Thunder Cape, Lost Channel Island and portraits of the Princes of Wales and Sir John A. Macdonald, which were excellent indeed, and it seemed a great pity that these paintings were allowed to remain in a painter's shop and that the men should spend their time decorating houses. Such paintings as these should be sent to Toronto or Montreal, where at the art exhibitions they might bring to their authors the honor due to their artistic skill. At the fire hall there were two live alligators, brought from Florida about four months ago. The man who attended to them said that they lived to a great age, not obtaining their full growth until they are fifty years of age, and that they grow in size to fifteen or twenty feet long. As we gazed on them, they resented the intrusion on their privacy by snapping at us in a very dignified and hostile manner. Beautiful specimens of goods made from agates and native silver are for sale here, and there is quite a demand for native silver souvenirs of this mineral city of the west. There is a striking contrast in forest, islands and lakes from the western prairies. Beautiful indeed are these sights, a relief to the eye and a pleasure to the heart.

JOHN McLEAN.

PREPARING FOR THE CONTEST!

Scores of Applications Coming In!

ONLY THE LADIES OF CANADA CAN COMPLETE!

A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE COMPETITION.

Our Canadian ladies are already preparing for the great Diamond Dye Competition; they are going into the work with a rush and earnestness that is truly surprising; and it is a well-known fact, that whenever the ladies enter upon any work in this way, it is always well done. Of course the great novelty of the work, and the wide field of operation opened up by this unique competition, will be the means of drawing in hundreds of ardent workers, who, under ordinary circumstances, would hesitate before committing themselves to trouble and uncommonplace work.

In this liberal and highly commendable contest inaugurated by the proprietors of Diamond Dyes, the ladies have an agent to work with, which develops immense possibilities, and produces results which are pleasing to the eye. The great variety of work in the various classes open for competition does not by any means take in all that can be accomplished by the celebrated Diamond Dyes. It is, however, in the well regulated, economical and happy home that Diamond Dyes are justly appreciated, and considered to be indispensable helps and aids. At season succeeds season, the wise wife and mother thinks of the wearing apparel belonging to herself, husband and children, and realizes the important fact that it can be dyed for wear once more through the use of Diamond Dyes. The materials still good, but perhaps too light in color, and, it may be faded with wear and exposure to sun, can all be re-dyed in some fashionable dark color, or made a lovely shade of jet or blue black. It just amounts to this, as a lady remarked, "for a trifling outlay you have the immense satisfaction of man, woman or child uniformed in nice and stylish articles for autumn and winter wear.

Already scores of wives and mothers have sent in the necessary applications forms, intimating their intention of competing in the great "Diamond Dye Competition" scheme. They know exactly the particular line of work they can excel in, and feel that the proposed competition scheme embraces in its ample scope just such work as they can best accomplish.

Within the past three weeks ladies in the United States have written to us, asking if they will be allowed to compete. We wish it understood that this "Diamond Dye Competition" is open only to the ladies of Canada. However, we devoutly trust that our fair American cousins will be for once, have a competition of the same kind presented to them.

A very special feature of this "Diamond Dye Competition" is the fact of its being open to all competitors. Notwithstanding the great cost of its inauguration, and employment of extra help for the proper conducting of the scheme, no fees are exacted from the ladies for the privilege of competing and all goods sent in for exhibition remain the property of the makers, and are to be returned free of charge to them. It will thus be seen that every possible aid is extended to the ladies to enable them to take large cash prizes without incurring any expense.

The retail druggists of the Dominion, from ocean to ocean, highly commend the scheme and predict an interesting and profitable time for the ladies. Hundreds of letters received from these druggists are full of assurances of kind support; and each druggist has determined to do what he can to encourage the wives, mothers and daughters of his town to take as many prizes as possible.

All who are not already supplied with "Competition Books, explaining the scheme, should apply for them at once to the Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, they will be sent post free to any address.

THE MAYORALTY.

The following is a correct statement of the ballots cast in the TIMES mayoralty contest up to December 4th:—W. B. Crosbie.

T. B. Baker.....
C. A. Gass.....
J. Rutherford.....
W. Hannah.....
O. R. Fysh.....
R. Boerse.....
H. McDougall.....
W. Neeland.....

THE TIMES
GREAT - MAYORALTY - CONTEST.
One Vote is hereby cast for
Candidate for Mayor

AGRICULTURAL.

The Yield of Wheat.

TO THE EDITOR:

SIR,—The importance to our Canadian farmers of the question, how the yield from the fields may be increased, is so great that I feel sure you will give me space to call attention to a letter published lately in the London Times on the subject of the harvest. Sir J. B. Lawes, of Rothamsted, a well-known authority, in his usual annual report gives particulars of the yield of wheat on certain experimental fields, and I will put before your readers his statements as briefly as possible.

On one field wheat has been grown for 44 years in succession, and on one part of it no manure has been used during the whole time (and indeed for 50 years), and its yield this year is 13½ bushels of dressed wheat per acre, being half a bushel over the average of 39 years. On a plot manured every year with 14 tons of farm-yard manure the yield is 48½ bushels per acre, or 14 over the average. Three plots on which artificial manures have been used gave about 41 bushels per acre, or about five over the average.

Another field has been cultivated 44 years on the ordinary four course rotation, turnips, barley, clover or beans and wheat; it has been manured each turnip year with some mineral superphosphate of lime, and for the last two root crops, in addition, some alkaline salts, but no manure containing nitrogen has been used during the 44 years. One part the entire crop, straw, corn, roots, and leaves, has been carried away each year. The yield this year is 42 bushels to acre. On the other part, the turnips have either been fed to sheep on the ground, or have been cut up and ploughed in, and the yield on this is over 50 bushels to the acre.

From an acre measured out of another field the yield is 64½ bushels.

In each case the bushel is by measure, and it is singular to note that the weight per measured bushel is in each case less than the average, nearly 1 lb. on the unmanured plot, and varying to nearly 3 lbs. on one of the artificially manured plots; and it is also worthy of note that while the piece heavily manured from the farmyard produced 35 bushels per acre over the unmanured piece, the weight per bushel is nearly the same.

The report in question gives particulars on many points, such as estimated crop for this year, nearly 67 millions of bushels, and quantity needed in addition, about 160 millions. The yield of straw on the various plots is also given, the plot giving the most straw and the least weight of grain and the least straw and the least weight of grain being one of those artificially manured, a similar plot giving the heaviest grain and the least straw. The farmyard manure gives nearly as heavy grain and several hundred pounds more straw. But I fear you will not spare more space. Yours, etc.,

Toronto, Nov. 14. G. M.

Barley Experiment in North Dakota.

"We have now secured 250,000 acres of land in North Dakota for barley farms, and next spring we will send thousands of German emigrants to that State from Ohio, West Virginia, and Indiana," said Col. O. M. Towner, General Manager of the Edgemoor Land Syndicate, last evening, as he discussed the future of the Northern State. Col. Towner is manager of what is best known as the barley syndicate of Chicago. During the last two or three months the company has succeeded in securing 259,000 acres of land in North Dakota, on which it is proposed to place German farmers to raise barley for malt purposes. These lands have been purchased in Nelson, Norman, Towner, Ramsey, Steele, and Bottineau Counties. It is the opinion of the managers of this company that barley can be most successfully grown in that State, and they have proved the conviction of their belief sufficiently to purchase these lands and to send out emigrants from other States. The Germans are chosen on account of their knowledge of barley culture for this purpose. These emigrants will not be tenants but owners of the land, it being sold to them on easy terms. The crops will be bought by the company and shipped to all points where there is a demand for barley for brewing purposes.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

The Family on the Farm.

According to E. V. B. in "Our Grange Homes," the whole family is needed to run the farm in order to make it pay. There should be, he says, between the different members of the family a common aim and purpose. Each should be honest, temperate, frugal and industrious. Mutual co-operation is absolutely essential, if the best results are to be realized, and when it is lacking there is failure. It will not answer, for instance, for wife or daughters to be so engrossed by the claims of society or of fashion as to neglect their legitimate work in the household and the son must not allow base-ball or hunting or fishing to supersede the rightful demands which his father has upon his time and interest. Individual whim and caprice must be sacrificed when the common welfare demands it.

"For example: Perhaps in spring occurs some splendid day for fishing—a day when the fish could not choose but bite, and the boy is anxious to take a day to catch them; but when he asks his father about it the latter tells him that the corn must be planted that day, or there will be great danger of a failure of the crop. If the boy is truly interested in the prosperity of the farm he will acquiesce cheerfully; otherwise he would probably grumble or tease until he had extorted a grudging consent, when off he would go, leaving the corn to plant itself.

Or he will suppose that some beautiful day in June the wife has set her heart on doing a little shopping in a distant village and wants the horse for the trip, but when she asks about it she finds that the horse is needed that day on the farm to cut the heavy clover crop already beginning to damage. If she, in her turn, has at heart the common welfare, she will postpone her shopping until she can have the horse more conveniently.

"The wife of a young man who has recently purchased a farm, having previously been engaged in other business, laughingly said to the writer a few weeks ago 'I am very busy all the time, for we are so green at farming it takes the whole of us to run the farm.' 'Yes,' I added mentally, 'and just because it does take the whole of you, because husband, wife and children have a common aim and are thoroughly interested in the farm, you will succeed.' As a proof of the correctness of the winter's reasoning she subsequently noticed that at the agricultural fair where these preceding remarks were made, eleven premiums (and a large part of them first premiums) were taken by this family of four, two of the four being young children.

The Good Brood Mare on the Farm.

To the popular notion that the small farm will not successfully and profitably maintain the rearing of high-priced horses, a correspondent of the Lewiston *Journal* cites the experience of Carrol A. Taylor of Buckfield.

Six years ago Mr. Taylor brought from Brockton, Mass., the brood mare Daisy, a descendant of Henry Clay, with an admixture of rich Morgan strain. She showed readily a 2.35 gait. She was first bred to Norway Knox, grandson of old Gen. Knox, with a record of 2.25. This get was sold at four months of age for $100.

Daisy was bred a second time to Norway Knox; the issue sold at four months for $155. Baby Dean, with a record of 2.26, was next used, producing a very comely filly, which was sold at four months of age for $125. She was bred a second time to Baby Dean, which resulted in the issue of a most remarkably beautiful filly. At three weeks of age she might have been sold for $125. Mr. Taylor has a standing offer of a big figure for her. Again the mare was bred to Black Nathan son of Baby Dean, with a record of 2.29. This issue is a colt five months old, of fine proportions. The two last Mr. Taylor intends to keep.

The use of the mare for general farm work and as roadster has more than paid the expenses incurred. Mr. Taylor regards the selection of the brood mare of the first importance. If you desire style and speed the mare ought to possess these traits in some degree. Then breed up and never down.

To Make Fowls Lay Well.

The following mixture is found by an experienced breeder to be admirable for supplying egg material and for producing strong, healthy bodies: Three sacks (six bushels) wheat, two sacks of broken corn, two sacks of oats and one bushel of broken charcoal, one gallon of sulphur and one-half bushel of salt; all of this thoroughly mixed.

Town-raised chickens need some and this meat, boiled and chopped fine, is given them two or three times a week. In the country where they can pick up worms and catch insects in summer the meat is not needed. So delicate and nourishing food as an egg is well worth all it costs. It is just as easy to have hens laying at any season of the year as to have cows give milk.—Montana Farming and Stock Journal.

Preparing Bees for Winter.

The result of the season here is one-half crop of white honey, and no surplus fall honey. The hives are generally stored with honey for winter, but a portion are light in honey, and the bees must be fed if we wish to save them for next year's work.

Sugar syrup, made by adding ten pounds water to twenty pounds granulated sugar, bringing it to a boil and then adding five pounds cheap honey, makes the cheapest feed for winter stores. Fifty cents' worth of this feed will make light colonies safe for winter; and as the destitute ones are generally those that produced our surplus honey, humanity as well as interest demands that we should not let our pets perish for want of this small expense.

I must caution apiarists not to wait until too late to do the necessary work of preparing bees for winter, for now is the time to prepare colonies for effective work next year. We have no faith in getting paying results from bees that come out just alive in the spring.

We see more clearly each year that the colonies that pay are those that come out in the spring strong in bees, and with sufficient stores to need but little tinkering. With that end in view, I shall unite all weak colonies and make them strong in bees and heavy in stores, and now is the time to do it with the least work and secure the best results.—B. Taylor, in Farm, Stock and Home.

AN OCEAN OF LEARNING.

Death of a Hindoo Known as the Greatest Man in India.

The late Iswara Chandra was known among his countrymen as "the greatest man in India," and also as "Vidyasagara," which means "ocean of learning." For two-and-twenty years he was the undoubted leader of the literary world of Bengal; while to Christians his career is noteworthy, because he was more influential than any other person in securing the abolition of the suttee, or burning of widows upon the funeral pyre of their husbands.

The obstacles he had to contend against were enormous. A Brahmin of the Brahmins himself, of the very highest caste, he had arrayed against him the most powerful sentiments of his countrymen, religious, political and social. The opposition was so tremendous that defeat must inevitably have been followed by loss of caste, and by contempt from co-religionists more bitter than that with which the pariah is regarded. There is nothing a Brahmin detests more than an attack upon his religion, and every attempt to change a practice or law is regarded as an attack by him. Iswara Chandra knew this, and so he devoted years of profound study to the sacred books to determine whether the Suttee was not a corruption of a great custom. He found that in former years women had far greater liberty than now. The regulations bearing so intolerably upon widows had no existence in those earlier and more prosperous days, wherefore he urged upon his fellow-religionists not any new thing, but the forsaking of new things, and a return to the pristine faith. Such argument, backed up by his unquestioned authority as a scholar, was convincing and successful, and the Suttee was abolished.

Worldly honors or worldly good he cared nothing for. At an early age he set himself to realize the true Brahmin idea of self-negation, alms-giving, meditation, and the gradual retirement from the ambitions and unrest of the world. He had ample means, which he devoted to the public good. A small sum sufficed for his own food and raiment. On his journeys through the country he either walked or traveled in the simplest manner. At his home he had a distribution of food on Sunday to all who came to his door. He evolved also a careful system of stipends to widows and orphans, to needy students, to the disabled, and to many a stray and waif who had broken down in life. His favorite form of charity was seeking out the unfortunate in their own dwellings, bringing a doctor to visit the sick, feeding families during an illness of the bread-winner, and taking upon himself the humblest of menial duties. Any other high-caste Brahmin would have shrunk from such defilement. But he took a loftier view. His purity was so immaculate, or so unassailable rather that contact with that which was base could not sully in the least. "What is it to be pure," he said, "if one must also be a prisoner within the pale of caste?" And so he went about personally doing good, and at the same time not neglecting to organize systematic charities after the manner of European nations. Thus he spent most of his great fortune, which he would never call his own. "Wealth," he said, "belongs to no man, but only the right to dispose of it."

The New secretary For Ireland.

The Rt. Hon. William L. Jackson, the new Chief Secretary of State for Ireland, succeeding Mr. A. J. Balfour who has been made first lord of the Treasury is a leather tanner of Leeds, and is an exceedingly rich man, having made a massive fortune through his belief in the adage, "That there is nothing like leather." He contested Leeds in the Conservative interest in 1876, but it was not until 1880 that he was returned to Parliament for the western division of that city. He has occupied it ever since that date. Some surprise was caused when the Marquis of Salisbury appointed him Financial Secretary to the Treasury in January, 1886, but this work during the whole of his tenure of that office has fully justified the Premier's choice. In fact, he may be said to have won a double success both at the Treasury and in the House. Greater still, he is popular with the members on both sides of the House. He is one of the Directors of the Great Northern railway, and for a politician is quite a youngster, as he has only just turned 50. The fact that he is not much known to the public at large is not at all to his disfavor, for he is known to the house as a capable man and at the Treasury he has gained no small reputation for the competency of his administration, while in the flying visits he has made to Ireland he has shown that he has ability to take an independent view of the situation of affairs. In short his appointment is everywhere regarded a good one, and politically it pleases everybody—a great beginning surely, and in marked contrast with the case of his predecessor, who had to prove himself and win his spurs in the face of a great deal of head-shaking and eventually of possible failure, not altogether free in some quarters from hatred.

In this world a man wants a good balancing pole to walk the narrow path.

Suitable clothing is most essential to health. Woollen substances are worse conductors of heat than linen or cotton; consequently flannel clothing more effectually keeps out heat than that made from linen or cotton. The exchange of woollen for other fabrics in hot weather is therefore an error.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Thrilling Experience on the Roof of a Cathedral—A Hair-Changing Episode.

Have you never read of a person's hair turning gray in a single night? Of course you have. The old story books are full of such tales. I can remember dozens of them, stories reeking with gore and dank with dungeons and grewsome with ghosts or other uncanny things. The heroine and sometimes the hero goes to bed at night with hair as black as the raven's wing and along in the night come the horrors whatever they are, and in the morning the raven hair has turned a snowy white.

I can remember, too, that I never used to take any stock in such stories. I used to hear them read and get up quite a respectable thrill at the most horrible portions, especially when the candle flickered awhile with a ghostly light and then went out, leaving everybody in total darkness just as a deep groan was heard or a long shuddering sigh like the wind through the weeping willows in a graveyard. Oh, yes! I was quite susceptible to touching passages like those; and I used to hurry up to bed and tuck my head under the clothes and shiver with the most timid of them. But somehow or other I could not accept the hair-turning part of the story. I knew that hair, black or white, could stand on end, but that a good head of black hair would bleach itself out between dark and daylight was a little too much to swallow.

I know better now. I have had a little experience of my own which—but perhaps it is best to tell the story just as it occurred.

It was on the roof of the cathedral at Milan. We had climbed the stairs in the late afternoon of a beautiful spring day after giving the custodian the insignificant price he asked for all the glories visible from the elevated position. We had looked through the telescope—for another fee—and had each assured the others that we saw Mont Blanc perfectly well without for a moment believing what the others said or convincing them that we told the truth. As we had ended our climbs by ascending to the highest point under the lantern—if it is a lantern—by the work-screw staircase, which will scarcely permit any but the thinnest persons to pass when one is going up and the other coming down.

We were a party of four, and when the roof was reached the youngest proposed a ramble over that portion of the structure. To this all but myself assented. I was tired and proposed to rest a while at the foot of the tower stairs, where the others were to pick me up on their return, so that we might all descend together. This was satisfactory and off they started.

For a time I was quite comfortable and paid no attention to the passage of time, but I suddenly noticed that it was getting dark and that my companions had not returned. I called to them first in a moderate tone of voice, then more loudly, but received no answer. Fearing that they would be belated on the roof I started in search of them. I walked the entire length of the ridge of the main roof and peered down all the side passages in the gathering dusk, but caught no glimpse of my companions. I succeeded in getting off the roof on the aisle and made a search there, which was also fruitless. I became alarmed as the light failed and ran from one point to another, calling out as I ran, until I found to my great distress that I had lost my way. I could see far below me the lights of the great city and hear the distant rumbling of the carriages as they drove past on the stony streets. But I was as effectually lost for the moment as if I had been in the heart of an African jungle without a compass and no Stanley on the alert to hunt me up. In the excitement and despair which the consciousness of this fact produced I rushed about so wildly that I slipped and fell on a long flight of stone steps wet with the dew which had begun to fall. I was not conscious of any serious injury from the fall, but when I brought up at the foot of the stairs and tried to regain my footing I found to my despair and horror that I was utterly unable to move my limbs. I was paralyzed.

The mental agony I suffered is inconceivable. Yet curiously enough I spent the first moments in speculating as to the exact nature of the injury I had sustained. Had I broken my back or simply injured my spinal cord? I tried to recall what I had heard my doctor friends say about injuries of similar character, but could not seem to remember anything definite. The words "the fifth pair" flashed into my mind and appeared to connect themselves in some way with my condition; but whether it was the fifth pair of nerves or nine or of something else I could not recall. I could only understand either how I could have been so seriously injured without any sensible shock; but that my power of locomotion was gone there was no doubt. I could move my hands, and I began to speculate on the number of things one could do with one's hands alone. This occupied me for what seemed to be an hour; but as the train of thought was interrupted by a clock striking the hour of midnight I concluded it must have been much longer and wondered I had not heard the preceding hour.

Suddenly the full horror of my condition flashed upon me. I was not only doomed to remain where I was, helpless and alone, during the long, chilly hours of the night, but there was no certainty that I would ever get away alive. My friends would never dream that I was there. They had undoubtedly concluded that I had gone down, and if they missed me would search everywhere but in the right place. It might be days before the particular spot in which I lay would be visited, and in that case it would be too late Starvation would do for me, even, if the injury I had received did not. In my anguish I shrieked aloud, but was dully conscious all the time that nobody could hear me. Visitors and custodians alike must have departed hours before; and even if my cries were heard from the streets below nobody would attribute them to their real source.

To the feeling of acute anguish succeeded one of blank despair. I no longer speculated on the possibility of being discovered dead or alive. There was a dull leaden feeling at my chest and I found myself repeating mechanically old rhymes and jingles and saying the alphabet backward, as I once learned to do in seeking relief from insomnia. Yet at the same time I was conscious that my whole life was passing in review before me as they say it does when one is drowning or being hanged. I remembered that saying, too, and without any cessation of the review I wondered in my doubled consciousness if I were undergoing the sensations of a drowning man or of one being hanged, and wished I could put them down on paper for the benefit of the rest of mankind. What struck me as singular was that the clocks kept on striking 12. The second time they did this I thought I must have lost consciousness for an entire day and that this was the second midnight. But when the third stroke of 12 came from half a dozen clocks I knew it could not be two days since I had fallen. I thought first that I had become demented; and then it occurred to me that if I were I could not reason about it in that fashion so the clocks themselves must be crazy. This theory satisfied me until the striking began again, when I went off in another fantastic speculation. My friends had discovered that I was missing and were having the bells rang to keep my spirits up.

Oh, the long, long, weary hours I spent in waiting for a glimpse of daylight. I laid no hope that daylight would bring me any relief but the prospect of staying where it was endlessly midnight seemed unendurable. I groaned and wept and dug my nails into the palms of my hands until it seemed as if the blood would come; but I did not even feel any sense of pain.

It must have been after the clocks had struck midnight a dozen times or more—I kept no exact account—that I saw in the distance at what seemed to be the farther end of the cathedral roof two faint glimmers of light. Presently there were two more and then two more until there was a regular procession of them. I tried to shout but had become so weak with cold and suffering that I could not raise my voice above a whisper. The lights nevertheless approached, growing gradually stronger until I could see that they were borne by several black-robed figures who were marching beside a coffin. As the procession moved slowly towards me I began to wonder what it meant and whether funerals took place at midnight on the roof of Milan Cathedral. Then I speculated a moment on the propriety of disturbing the obsequies even in my extreme need. Suddenly it dawned upon me that this was my own funeral and I knew that I was either dead or had gone mad. In the supreme anguish of this discovery all memory of past suffering was blotted out and I entered on a new period of the most exquisite torture. Fortunately it was of brief duration. As the foremost of the moving figures reached me I felt a grasp on my arm and a voice called in my ear:

"Wake up, father; it's time to be going down, I guess you must have had your yoke turned."

It was my daughter, and beside her were the rest of the party flushed with their ramble on the roof. I straightened out my cramped limbs, which must have gone to sleep about the time I did, and pulled out my watch. I had been there just fifteen minutes.

I don't mean to be understood that my hair really did turn gray in that night of horror on Milan Cathedral. In the first place there is not much of it and what there is has been tolerably gray for some years. But I do mean to say that I am no longer incredulous as to the possibility of such a capillary change as the story-books tell about. I am quite sure that if any man or woman really had just such an experience as I thought I had his or her hair would turn gray provided, of course, he or she had any hair that was not gray already.

The Recent Electric Execution.

The truth about the electric executions which took place in the Sing Sing prison at New York some months ago is beginning to leak out. Two of the physicians who had charge of the affair have now reported at length on the result of the proceedings, and their disclosures are simply sickening. A current of about 1,500 volts—an absurdly low pressure for the purpose, it seems to us—was applied to the first criminal for 27 seconds, but after an interval of between one and two minutes signs of life re-appeared, and the current was again applied for 26½ seconds. The second criminal was made the subject of a series of miserable experiments. It was desired to find whether a continuous or interrupted current was the more likely to prove fatal, and therefore, the occupant of the torture chair was made to submit to three shocks of 10 seconds each. It being manifest after each contact that life existed, a contact of 19 seconds was employed, and this is alleged to have caused death. The third victim, was treated to three contacts of 23 seconds each, but, these being deemed too long, the time was lessened 15 seconds in the case of the fourth man. The whole business is a disgrace to the nineteenth century, and one's indignation must be assuaged by the consideration that this display of combined ignorance and inhumanity took place in the United States. Good arises out of evil at times, however; and it may be hoped that when the citizens of the United States become aware of the real nature of what has been done in their name they will resolve not again to expose their reputation of being a civilized nation for a similar risk and will insist upon the abolition of "electrocution."

The Biggest Sailing Ship Afloat.

The French five-master France is the largest sailing ship afloat. She was launched in September, 1890, from the yard of Messrs. D. W. Henderson at Partick for Messrs. Bordes et Fils, and her dimensions are as follows: Length, 361 feet; breadth, 49 feet; depth, 26 feet. Her net register tonnage is 3,624, with a sail area of 49,000 square feet, and not long since she carried an enormous cargo of 5,900 tons of coal on her maiden passage from Barry to Rio de Janeiro. Cunning old sea dogs shook their heads and looked as though they could a tale unfold, but the sinister forebodings were not justified by the result. It is always awkward to prophesy unless we know, for she reached her port without mishap after thirty-two days' sail, or within one day of the fastest passage on record. She is square-rigged on four masts, but carries fore-and-aft canvas on the fifth mast, which is far aft. Her masts are only 160 feet high; nevertheless she looks heavily sparred. This leviathan is fitted with a cellular double bottom, and can carry 2,000 tons of water ballast, thus reducing the expense of ballasting to a minimum.—*Chamber's Journal*

The Fenians Again.

Another Fenian scare is reported in England. It is stated that information of a most sensational and startling character has just reached the Dublin police authorities as well as the constabulary of other parts of Ireland and also the police of England and Scotland. It is stated that a Fenian invasion from America at an early date is contemplated. It has been decided to increase materially the police force at all ports and quays on the Irish coasts. This is the sequel of the events which have recently occurred in Ireland, and especially of the extravagant language indulged in by the Parnellites. It is added that during the week detectives associated with the American police have been stationed at the most important places of call of the American liners. It is said that secret information has been received by the authorities that an invasion of Great Britain will be shortly made by members of the Irish party of action in America. In other words a revival of the Fenian operations is expected. It is said that American detectives in the employ of the British police authorities are stationed at Queenstown and elsewhere with instructions to carefully watch every incoming Atlantic steamship from American ports. In addition the police force has been increased at every port in Ireland, and the prominent Parnellites are being steadily shadowed.

Corns! Corns!

Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all kinds and of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists everywhere.—Polson & Co., Kingston, Proprietors.

A woman's glory is in her hair, but it is a good plan to tie it up when cooking.

Housewife—"Well, sir, what do you want?" Weatherbeaten William, the old tramp—"Nothin', madam, nothin'. I merely stopped to look at those beautiful children of yours." Housewife—"Come right in, sir, and have something to eat."

An amusing anecdote of the effect produced on an old negro by the eclipse of the sun of August 7, 1868, has been related by the late Dr. C. H. F. Peters, of the Observatory of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York. The negro was requested to pay particular attention to the movements of the hens, for he was told that at a quarter to five they would all go to roost. After the eclipse was over, he came to Dr. Peters, evidently in great excitement. "How was it?" said the doctor. "Beats the debbil!" said the negro. "When de darkness come, every chick'n run for de hole in de barn. De fust ones get in, an' de next ones runober one anudder, an' de last ones dey just squat right down in de grass. How long you know dis ting was a-coming?" "Oh, I reckon we knew it more than a year," said the doctor. "Beats de debbil! Here you away in New York, knowed a year ago what my chick'ns was gwine to do dis berry afternoon, an' you nobber see de chick'ns afore nudder!"

"How are you?"
"Nicely, Thank You."
"Thank Who?"
"Why the inventor of
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."
Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.
Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.
Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.
Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for *Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.*
Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

YOUNG MEN: The best trade you can learn is cutting gentlemen's garments. Good Cutters are always in demand at big wages. Write at once to Toronto School, 6 King St. West, for full particulars.

LATE CABLE NEWS

Russia's Famine—Monte Carlo's Great Scheme—The Heroine of Manipur to Marry Again.

Count Lyof Tolstoi, the great Russian social reformer, has published an energetic demand that the Government declare without delay whether the stock of grain is sufficient to last through next summer. Count Tolstoi advocates the purchase of corn in America in time to protect the country from famine and the terrible social disturbance that is certain to attend such a condition of affairs. Tolstoi contends, from his own personal calculation, that the stock of grain will not be sufficient, and that the Government reply guaranteeing enough to feed the people until the next harvest, if falsified, will lead to a revolution, in which Tolstoi says he will aid.

Count Tolstoi's daughters, Latione and Marie, have opened a free refectory for the famine stricken near his chateau. All those persons who are in dire necessity here get a good meal, but they are forbidden to take food away with them.

A despatch from Monte Carlo says there is a growing belief there that the English-man Wells, who has had another great run of luck has an understanding with the bank this month, which permits him to win. After the story of Well's big winnings last July there was a rush to Monte Carlo from all parts of the Continent, and the bank profited far more than the sum of the reported winnings.

Mrs. Grimwood the heroine of Manipur, whose husband was murdered there last March, is in a fair way to receive consolation for some of the troubles she has experienced. She has decided to marry again but the engagement will not be announced definitely until the spring. A gallant officer, who considered it an outrage that a lady with so many charms should languish in the chilly solitude of widowhood, has pressed his suit and would take no denial.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

An old farmer was petitioning heaven for rain, his prayers being long and fervent. While he was yet on his knees, he heard a rushing noise, and, jumping up to the window, he beheld not only the gentle rain he asked for, but a regular blizzard that speedily flooded the place. Promptly reassuming the regulation attitude, he ejaculated: "Now, Lord, ye know this is ridiculous!"

Pale, weak and emaciated women and girls would soon disappear from the land if all would use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a specific for their peculiar troubles. Try them and be convinced.

The laughter of man is the contentment of God.

Health is Wealth.

Health seekers travel far to mountains lakes, seas, and springs, but of all the famous waters to thoroughly cleanse the body of health-destroying impurities, to make the joint supple, and make the muscles and frame firm, and cause one to feel fresh life trickling through the veins, give me St. Leon Mineral Water. J. Bliss Compton, P. Q. For particulars apply Head Office, 101½ King street west.

Nature is the master of talent; genius is the master of nature.

GIBBON'S TOOTHACHE GUM.

For sale by Druggists. Price 15c.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

A most delightful remedy for a cough or cold. Adams' Wild Cherry & Licorice Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere; 5 Cents.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.

If your little ones suffer with "snuffles" Nasal Balm will give them relief. It is a certain cure for all forms of cold in the head or catarrh. Sold by all dealers. Try it.

Anybody can walk into the parlor, but it takes nerve to walk into the spider.

The Commercial School in connection with ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT., is in a flourishing condition. Eight young ladies received the Diploma in Commercial Science at the last Convocation and the board have found it necessary, owing to the rapid growth of the work to employ an additional teacher. Penmanship, book-keeping, type-writing, phonography, all thoroughly taught. $140.00 paid in advance secures board, furnished room, light, laundry and tuition in all the subjects of the commercial course for one year. For Announcement address Principal Austin, B. D.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, and not in making cages.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Asthma—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

About the only force some people have is the force of habit.

Time's Revolving Wheel.

On Thanksgiving day Mr. Charles Stark was waited upon by a deputation of the employes of his firm and presented with a beautifully illuminated address set in silver frame, the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into commercial life, the fortieth anniversary of his arrival in Canada, and his silver wedding day. The testimonial was signed by some thirty of the senior employes.—[Toronto Mail, Nov. 16 th.

"If I rest I rust," is a German proverb. "If I trust I bust," is the American version."

The Easy Quiet Way

in which T. A. SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL has won its way into public favor speaks volumes for its merits. At the office of the company, Toronto, Ont., can be seen scores of valuable testimonials, while any druggist will tell you that for all pulmonary difficulties it stands unrivalled. 35 cents per bottle.

Employment and hardships prevent melancholy.

A.P. 582.

The Handsomest of all Coins

This proud distinction is generally conceded to the United States' twenty-dollar gold piece, a marvel of beauty in design and finish. The loveliest of God's handiwork is a handsome woman, if in the bloom of health; if she is not, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore her. Ladies who use this peerless remedy are unanimous in its praise, for it cures those countless ills which are the bane of their sex—irregularities, dragging-down pains, inflammation, hysteria, sleeplessness and the "all-gone" sensations which burden their daily lives. A tonic and nervine, without alcohol.

Hope is the dream of those who are awake.

Was Lame.

This is a queer name of a Chinese laundryman in Hartford, but he has probably two lungs, like most of us. Some crying bad lungs need to be lame. Lungs should be sound, or the voice will have a weakly sound. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes strong lungs, drives the cough away, generates good blood, tones the nerves builds up the human wreck and makes "another man" of him. Night-sweats blood-spitting, short breath, bronchitis, asthma, and all alarming forerunners of Consumption, are positively cured by this unapproachable remedy. If taken in time, Consumption itself can be baffled.

He who feels for the poor should make the poor feel the felt.

Little Things That Tell.

It is the little things that tell—little brothers for instance, who hide away in the pacifier while sister entertains her beau. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are little things that tell. They tell on the liver and tone up the system. So small and yet so effectual, they are rapidly supplanting the old-style pill. An infallible remedy for Sick and Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation. Put up in vials, convenient to carry. Their use attended with no discomfort.

At this season of the year the liberty of the cider press must be preserved.

OUR NEW BOOK "House and Home." A complete housewife's guide by Marion Harland, the greatest living writer on household matters, a recognized authority in all domestic affairs. Send for illustrated circulars and terms. WM. BRIGGS, PUBLISHER, Toronto.

CARFIELD TEA cures Constipation, Sick Headache, restores the Complexion. Get Free Sample at GARFIELD TEA AGENCY, Church St., Toronto.

Use the B. F. P. COUGH DROP. Ask your Druggist, Grocer, or Confectionary for them. Manufactured by the Toronto BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY Co.

ASTHMA CURED FREE DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE will give you immediate relief. Send your address, and we will prove it. Sold by druggists. Tablets, 25c. TAFT BROS., 1095 BROADWAY, N.Y. Canadian Dept. 186 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every person suffering in the U.S. and Canada. Address, Dr. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

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WATSON'S COUGH DROPS
Will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to Orators and Vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

NASAL BALM
A certain and speedy cure for the Worst Cases of Catarrh. Sold by Druggists, or Sent on Receipt of Price by the Dominion Dispensary, Toronto.
SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
Instant Relief. Permanent Cure. Failure Impossible.
Many of the most distressing diseases are simply symptomatic of Catarrh, such as Headache, Dullness, Loss of Smell, Taste, Hearing and Sight, Offensive Breath, Mucous Hawking and Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat Diseases, Consumption, Loss of Flesh, Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, your case is one of Catarrh, and should not be trifled with longer. Catarrh is a Local Disease, to be reached with a cure it must be applied to the seat of the disease. Nasal Balm is a Local Remedy, combining healing, cleansing and antiseptic properties, and is the only preparation known to me that will reach the seat of Catarrh. I recommend it to my patients as the only remedy that will cure Catarrh. Dr. Sproule, Brockville, Ont.
FULFORD & CO. Brockville, Ont.
NASAL BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH
SAUSAGE CASINGS
We are distributing agents for Midland counties for the Celebrated Buffalo Casings, put up in kegs of 50 bundles. Finest American Hog Casings on hand.
Prices and samples on application. Special quotations for quantity. Low end prices to the trade. JOHN PARK & SON, Montreal.
CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Company.
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382 and 384 St. James Street, Montreal.
I CURE FITS!
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, but I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now sending a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.
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ANOTHER IRRESPONSIBLE BANKER.

Mass Confesses Himself an Embezzler and Gives Himself Up.

BERLIN, Nov.—A report became current on the Bourse here this morning that the head of a banking and exchange firm at Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin, had surrendered himself to the police, confessing that he had misappropriated a quantity of securities deposited with him by various customers. The rumor spread rapidly, and with the knowledge of how Wolff of the firm of Hirschfeld & Wolff, who is now in the Moabit jail for his crimes, had sold or pledged securities which did not belong to him, the story found ready listeners, and later in the day it became certain it was true.

The Charlottenburg banker who robbed his customers is named Mass. His embezzlements will amount to a very large sum. The members of the aristocracy were hard hit by the failure on Saturday last of the banking house of Friedlander & Sommerfeld, a number of the relatives and member of the official household being included among those who had large sums on deposit with the bankrupt firm. Mass's embezzlements, though not positively known to affect the aristocracy to such an extent as Wolff's, are certain to attract the attention of the Emperor in a way that will bode ill for the offender. The money appropriated by Mass to his own use includes 20,000 marks which had been subscribed toward the fund for the erection of a church in memory of the late Empress Augusta, grandmother of Emperor William. Ten thousand marks, which were to be devoted to the Prince Frederick Charles Institute have also disappeared. In addition to these 30,000 marks, Mass has succeeded in making away with 160,000 marks deposited in the bank by 150 artisans and small traders.

Mass, though he evidently had no scruples against stealing, displayed a delicacy in surrendering himself to the police. He appeared at the Central police station in Berlin this morning and delivered himself to the authorities, after confessing his wrongdoing. He gave as his reasons for surrendering to the Berlin police instead of to the Charlottenburg authorities that he held a high position in society and was ashamed to call the police of the latter place of his crimes. His sense of shame, however, may have been quickened by the knowledge that his poor depositors would not have taken their losses with calmness, and that it would be better for him to be safely away from them when the facts became known.

A FARMER'S BATTLE WITH A HAWK.

It Tore Out One of the Man's Eyes Before He Succeeded in Killing It.

NORTH LYME, Conn., Nov.—James Martin, a farmer living a mile north of this place, had a fight with a fish hawk yesterday that will result probably in the loss of the sight of one of the farmer's eyes. Mr. Martin is a breeder of fancy pigs. During the last two weeks Mr. Martin had missed several pigs from one of the litters. He thought that they had been killed by the coons or the foxes, and he set steel traps and stone *falls*, but his pigs continued to disappear. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Martin was going to the barn to yoke up oxen in preparatory to work in the woods. He had just turned the corner of the barn when he heard a pig squeal. He saw an immense hawk with its talons sunk in the back of a struggling young porker.

Martin ran into the barn, seized a pitchfork, and started for the hawk. The bird showed no intention of abandoning its prey. When the farmer came near enough he struck the bird a sharp blow on the back. It then flew at the man's face so viciously that he was hardly able to protect himself with his arms, and it was almost impossible for him to strike the bird with the fork handle. Twice the hawk knocked the farmer down with fierce rushes. The man's hands and arms were fearfully lacerated and blood flowed profusely.

The bird had the best of the fight. It made a dash, more vicious than before at the farmer's head. Its aim was good, for its talons sunk into the flesh of the man's face and the next instant one eye was torn nearly from its socket. Frenzied with pain, the farmer made a blind lunge at the bird with the fork and the times passed through its breast, and in a few moments it was dead.

The hawk, from tip to tip, measured nearly seven feet and it weighed twenty-two pounds. It had every appearance of being a very old bird, and it was, undoubtedly, the thief that had taken Martin's pigs.

The Land of Revolutions.

Brazil has earned the title of the "land of revolutions." It was said by some wise seers in the United States at the time of the deposition of Dom Pedro that the monarchy was responsible for the trouble. All that was needed was a republican form of government and there would be no more revolutions. But time has demonstrated that a republic is not proof against such uprisings, and it appears now that Brazil is much worse off than she ever was under a monarchical form of government. The fact is the populations of South America are scarcely fit as yet to enjoy the boon of self-government. According to the latest accounts four of the principal provinces have seceded or are on the point of secession. These districts lie far apart, and are about the richest and best civilized in the country and containing one third of the whole population. The causes of the disaffection are not very clearly stated in the despatches. The people seem to be hostile to the republic and all its ways and works on general principles, though they do not wish to see Dom Pedro reinstated. The truth is Brazil is a disjointed country, thinly settled and with clashing sectional interests. A tariff which suits one portion of it is death to the industries of another, and as has been said, the population has the ability to direct its affairs intelligently. Of the four States in revolt Para is in the north and Rio Grande do Sul in the south, while Pernambuco occupies the easternmost point of South America and is separated by some hundreds of miles from Bahia. Para is famous for its rubber industry, Bahia is a cotton district, Rio Grande do Sul a cattle region and Pernambuco devoted to general commerce and agriculture. The last named contains a larger proportion of European settlers than any other State in Brazil.

Transport of British Troops.

Montreal, Nov.—The cars constructed by the C. P. R., in view of their contract with the British Government for the transport of troops over their lines between Vancouver and Halifax, left here this evening for the coast. The train will reach Vancouver in time to take on board a party of 250 time-expired marines, accompanied by 25 officers, who return to the old country. This company will leave Vancouver next week, and are expected to arrive in Halifax on the 15th when they will embark for Liverpool. The C. P. R. will then have the transport of a much larger body of troops on their way to replace these. They will number 400 men and 50 officers, and will leave Halifax for Vancouver about December 18. The company are exerting themselves for the successful performance of their initial experiment in the transport of large bodies of troops across the continent.

Deaths and Births in France.

The French population returns for 189 show an excess of deaths over births, namely, 876,000 against 838,000. A similar excess occurred in 1884-85, owing to the cholera and the Crimean war, and again in 1870-71, owing to the Franco-German war. One of the causes last year seems to have been the influenza, for the mortality was 81,000 above the previous year, but the births fell off by 42,000 last year, being lower than in any year since 1870. The marriages are decreasing about one per cent., and the divorces in 1889 were 4,786 and in 1890, 5,457.

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.

The Trouble at Great Bucephalus.

CHAPTER III.

The morning dawned bright and clear; the sun lighted up such a tranquil scene at Great Bucephalus and the vast expanse of green prairie beyond; while the low hills which closed the view were so void and unmarked by any moving object, that it was hardly possible to believe that at any hour an awful danger might arise in such a quarter—that there could be any reason to dread the enactment of hideous scenes of bloodshed. Yet all those who had dwelt long on the frontier could have told how treacherous such calmness had proved ere now, and that, as they had to encounter the subtlety of the craftiest savages and the still worse scheming of renegade whites, delay might mean death.

It was plain that all the members of the newly-arrived party—save the children—had been told of the impending troubles; for the women were depressed and anxious in manner; their eyes were red with weeping; and at the slightest sound they started and cast a frightened look to the door. Under such auspices the early breakfast could hardly be a cheerful meal; for although Boytell and, in a much less degree, Eltran made show of hilarity, there was a hollowness in these efforts, which instead of raising the spirits of the group, actually seemed to lower them; and this becoming more and more evident, the men abandoned their well-meant attempts, and the meal proceeded in almost total silence.

At its conclusion, the cries of teamsters could be heard outside; then Phil Trayle presented himself, and then seven wagons and mules drew up before the house. Phil greeted the party in his usual frank way, and added, that if all was ready, they had better take the trip at once, as the mules were fresh, and the day splendid—"right pretty" were the exact words he used—for a ride. He said this with a smile, speaking to the women; but as he ceased and turned his head, he continued to bestow a meaning look on Eltran, which the latter appeared to understand, for he rose from the table and said: "Now, Mr. Boytell! and Polly and Aggy, get yourselves ready, for we start right away.—See that the children do not stray out, as the teamsters will not wait any time, and all our fixings can be on board in a few minutes."

The women left the rooms at this suggestion, as did Boytell, to see after their "fixings;" and then Eltran said: "Is there anything fresh?"

"Yes; too much," returned Phil. "Texas Abe, the pedlar, has come in, and says that he saw horsemen on the plains beyond Wickerman's ranch, and he is sure they were Indians. We can trust Abe, you know, and he is almost certain to be right, having lived in an Indian country."

"Thats of a morning indeed," returned Eltran. "The sooner all the women and children are at Strapley's, the better.—But how we are to get away from there," he added gloomily, "is more than I or any one else can tell at present."

"We shall be a large party, Squire—that is something," said Phil; "as nearly all our people propose to go in the first place to the Mills; and then we shall be guided by what we hear as to whether we shall go up or down the creek."

Eltran returned a few words agreeing with this view; but his countenance did not gain in cheerfulness; and without further conversation, the men busied themselve in the preparations for the journey.

The loading was soon completed; and from the elevated ground in front of the house, similar preparations for departure could be seen in various parts of the city: it was a "city" to the very last, and, moreover, there were a host of locations—another characteristic word—on the frontier of even lesser magnitude than Great Bucephalus which were so styled, although not one of the whole had a shadow of a municipality.

Everything that travelled upon wheels appeared to have been put in requisition. Some of the "outfits" would at another time have been mirth-provoking; but there was no disposition to laugh now on the part of any of the citizens, who, in the midst of their hurried loading, threw many troubled glances to the north-western horizon, the quarter from which danger was most likely to come.

Phil was very attentive to the comfort of the women and children, who were all stowed in the wagon. In the midst of their trouble, Mrs. Boytell could not repress a smile to see how especially anxious he was that Miss Agatha should not be inconvenienced.

Several wagons, or groups of wagons, besides their own would leave Great Bucephalus in the course of the morning; but their own expedition was much in advance of the others, as they saw nothing of them. Indeed, even if bound for the same goal, these others might not have followed the exact track taken by the Eltran party—not a wonderful matter where no regular highway existed, and nearly all the open country served for roads. At any rate, they had no company.

With all their desire to set a good example and to appear perfectly at their ease, neither Eltran nor Phil could avoid frequent and anxious glances across the prairie. All remained clear and quiet there; but despite the endeavours of the men to conceal their anxiety, their companions took the alarm, and were in dread lest at any moment the hateful figures of the Indian warriors should come in sight.

Presently the party came to a spot where the road—so to call it, it was the usual track to a ford on the way to Strapley's Mills—sank rather abruptly. There were two or three of these descents ere the river level was reached, and some extra care to the teams was needed just there. For the first time in the short journey, the attention of the men was so concentrated on the mules that they saw nothing ahead or around them. The view in this latter respect was limited by the swelling mounds which arose on either hand, as the track sank lower, when, at the most critical part of the descent, they were surprised by a shout almost close to them, and by a hoarse voice exclaiming: "Go slow, Squire! You won't need to take all this slope to-day." As much in alarm as in astonishment, they looked round, and saw two mounted men, each clad in the orthodox buckskin and slouched hat of the frontiersman, and who had either been hidden behind a spur of the banks, or their approach on the soft ground had been unheard.

"Why, it is——began Eltran, but paused: the foremost of the men finished the speech—"Doby Rube, you mean," said he; "and you are right, Squire.—You need not move your pistol forward, Phil Trayle," continued the speaker, whose quick eye had noted the action; "there will be no shooting here. Anyhow it will be bad for you and the ladies if you do fire."

It was easy to see that Eltran and Trayle were much disturbed by the sudden appearance of this man. This was not to be wondered at; for the latter, at anyrate, and Great Bucephalus opinion in general, regarded Doby Rube as the absolutely worst, and certainly the most dreaded, of all the "scallywags" and outcasts of whom Phil had spoken on the previous night. The new English arrivals did not know his history, and there was no time to tell them now. It would not have cheered them to hear that this man was a notorious ruffian; that he would be hanged by lynch law in any town on the frontier, and that beyond all doubt he was in a league with the Indians.

"We must talk fast," resumed Rube, after a pause. He was evidently the leader of the pair, for his companion did not attempt to speak. "You are going to Strapley's Mills."

"We are," said Phil firmly; he felt that there was no use in trying to evade an answer.

"Well, you will never get there—by this road," continued Rube; "and if you want to keep out of trouble, you will not go anigh the Mills.—Go to Prairie Dog Ford, and make your way to Divide City."

"What for?" exclaimed Trayle, who seemed to be the recognised spokesman of the party. "Strapley's Mills are stone-built, and can stand a siege; while Divide is little better than a heap of wooden shanties, and is in the heart of the Injun raid."

"It was," said the horseman gravely; "but the city will not be troubled by Injuns again. I can't stay to preach here. Take my advice, or don't take it. You will soon find out the reason why it was given, if you slight it."

"But then you are"——Phil began, but checked himself, as he was about to say something terribly uncomplimentary.

Rube grinned sardonically, as though he fully understood the reason of this hesitation. "I am a loafer, and the Vigilantes want me, and I should be all the better for a stringing up, you mean," he continued. "That is all true; but a better man than me would not have any influence with the Injuns; and bad as I am, I may yet like to pay back a good turn.—Ask madam there," he said, suddenly changing his tone, and looking at Mrs. Eltran—"ask her if she will believe me; and if she thinks 'Doby Rube will ever betray the people who gave a home to his little sick girl, when every door was shut against her, and her father was hunted from post to post by the Vigilantes."

"No, Rube; I am sure you may be trusted:" exclaimed Mrs. Eltran, speaking for the first time. "You may have been a bad man; but I believe you now, and beg my husband to trust you.

"Thank you, madam," said Rube. "He will never regret it.—My time is up; but on leaving you, let me say that you must not suppose I should have been allowed to give this warning to any outfit but that of Squire Eltran. I know Injuns are said to have no gratitude, no friendship; and my tribe are but this will find reason, between this hollow and Strapley's Mills, for thinking differently.—Now mind, Squire Eltran, and more especially you, Squire Trayle, don't turn back for anything you may see or hear, and go anywhere but to Divide City. And if you hear that 'Doby Rube has paid off some of the debts he owed in Great Bucephalus' remember, also, that he has paid the debt he owed for his little Minnie." With this too easily understood speech, and without further leave-taking, beyond raising his slouch hat to 'Madam' Eltran, who was evidently in his mind the principal personage in the party, the outlaw rode off, followed by his silent but equally evil-looking companion.

There was a natural pause of doubt and uncertainty with the party as they watched the horsemen disappear; then Eltran, drawing a long breath, which was almost a sigh, said: "Well, now, what are we to do, about it? Abe Rube is one of the worst characters in the territory; yet I don't think he would wish to do me harm anyway."

"I should say, take no notice of what such a renegade cuss says!" exclaimed Phil Trayle, as his friend paused. "He does not want us all to get to Strapley's, because we should be safe there, and there would then be no plunder for him and his thieving, murdering Injuns: though I believe him to be a worse man than any redskin in the tribes."

This very decided opinion would probably have determined the unsettled opinion of Eltran. Boytell of course was hardly able to form a judgment on the matter; he only knew that their situation appeared to be one of extreme peril, and he felt an agonizing anxiety on behalf of the helpless women and children who were under his care.

But the three women at once broke out into opposition to Phil's utterance. The two strangers had none of Boytell's doubts or self-distrust; they were quite as emphatic as Mrs. Eltran, and all three declared they would trust the outcast Rube.

"I know he is a renegade and a horse-thief," continued Mrs. Eltran; "I believe, too he has been a homicide and a fire-raiser, like many other scallywags; but he may have the feelings of a father with the same for that. We know if 'Doby Rube loved anything on earth, it was his little Minnie. While she was with us, we had no trouble in Bucephalus with the Indians. That when through Rube, I am sure; and I am sure too he will never forget our kindness to the poor child.—I will not go to Strapley's Mills."

Trayle and Eltran exchanged a queer look and a smile, which showed that they felt all opposition was hopeless after this speech. The mules were started again; and the little procession turned off at the point indicated a mere depression in the bank, sometimes used as a pass to the more distant ford, but not often, as the ground beyond was bad for a good way, while a more direct route to Divide City was to be found by crossing the Three Water Ford, which had been just ahead of them.

This they were now forbidden to do; and as they turned through the pass, the men glanced anxiously round, to see if any trace of ambush or of lurking watchers could be discovered. All was silent and blank; the monotonous green of the banks and the prairie—where its boundlessness treacherous visible beyond—was as lonely and unbroken by any living figure as if the foot of man had never trodden there. Yet it was certain that behind these green mounds the two outcasts were in hiding: almost as certain also—and this reflection caused the shudder which neither of the more experienced men could quite repress—that with them, and like them, furtively watching, as beasts of prey could watch, were their still more loathed, although, perhaps, not more dangerous allies, the hostile red men.

Familiar as were Eltran and Trayle with the incidents of border warfare, they had 'no real belief in the truce which the worst cuss' of all the outcast whites had offered them; and it is no discredit to their manhood to say that their hearts sank as they guided the teams over the treacherous ground, where the indented banks might conceal a hundred barbarians, as the two men verily believed was the case. The inexperienced companion, Boytell, felt uneasy enough at the turn events were taking, dreading trouble ahead, and the still further unsetting of his plans; but he believed all he had heard from Adobe Rube, and dreamt of no immediate danger on the way.

Slowly the trusty mules drew the wagon over the broken and uncertain ground of the pass. Brief as the passage really was, it seemed almost interminable to the two conductors; but at last the dangerous spot was cleared, and they moved more briskly along the open prairie, where at last they would see any foes who might assail them and no ambush need be dreaded. Nevertheless, the ground was sufficiently rough to make their progress comparatively slow; and the eyes of the leaders were often turned to the treacherous hollow and broken high ground behind them; but all was silent and quiet there as yet.

They—Eltran and Trayle—were taking what they thought would be a farewell look at the ravine they had recently traversed, and were straining their eyes vainly to detect some signs of life in or about it, when exclamations of alarm from the women and Boytell simultaneously startled them. There was some cause for alarm, too, for just in front of them, ascending from a dip which had not been noticed, and was indeed scarcely to be distinguished from the ordinary level of the prairie, a group of Indians were close upon them. These were nearly all squaws, many of them with children—'papooses'—some mere infants, slung at their backs; some older, and riding before or behind the mothers. The squaws—more cruel and unsparing, if that be possible, than the men themselves—exchanged looks of triumph as they approached the little party, uttering some guttural ejaculations, and significantly fingering the ugly knives which they all carried, even as did their lords and masters. The savages, either in obedience to some muttered word of command, or as a regular procedure in such cases, spread themselves, and evidently intended to come down on both sides of the wagons.

"Get your revolver out, Boytell," said Trayle. "I am afraid we shall have to fight our way. I only hope we can do it, for"——He hesitated here; but his glance at the women and children in the wagon spoke as plainly as any language. "The chances are against us," he continued, and his voice grew hoarser as he spoke; "for on the right hand you see there are warriors; yet bad and devilish they are, I would rather we should face a hundred of them than fall alive into the hands of the squaws. Be ready; here come the men." But he was wrong: the warriors—the "braves" of the troop—were indeed spurring to the front; but in lieu of preparing their bows or their revolvers for the fight they waved their hands in friendly token, uttering the deep guttural "How!" the regular Indian greeting of amity, as they drew near, and the welcome Spanish "Bueno! Bueno!" followed.

One or two turned aside to say something to the squaws; it was brief, and utterly unintelligible to the listening whites, but the furious scowls of the warriors, and the frightened air with which the squaws drew back left no doubt as to its import. The braves came alongside the wagons, and commenced a general hand-shaking with the passengers, declaring in their corrupted Spanish—which Trayle fortunately understood pretty well—their friendship for Senor Eltran and for Senora Eltran also; how no good Indians would harm them nor their *amigos*—their friends. With this speech there were mingled also some brief references to Senor Adobe Rube, *mucho brave hombre*—a great fighting man; which showed that the outlaw had indeed used his influence beforehand in their behalf.

This was of course highly satisfactory to the travellers, who nevertheless wished the interview ended; but how to part them, without offence, to close it, when suddenly the noise, not to be mistaken, of distant firing was heard, followed by several more reports in quick succession. Every eye was turned towards the pass recently traversed by the wagons, and to the ford of Three Water Creek. A few wreaths of smoke could just be distinguished rising above the mounds, and the white men shuddered to think what might be passing in that lonely hollow.

Not so with their new friends; at the sound of the firing, the expression of every face changed, squaws and warriors alike; then waving their hands in a hasty adieu the braves set off at full speed towards the ford, uttering a whoop as they did so, so savage and fiendish as to curdle the blood of the trembling women who heard it. But even the terror inspired by this was not worse than that arising from the cruel grins and grimaces of the squaws, as they rode after their lords, and pointed exultingly to what they hoped would be a scene of revenge and plunder.

The Indians have indeed bettered by the instruction which their treatment by the whites has given them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Vision of Paradise.

And He showed me a pure river of water of life clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the Nation.—Rev. xxii., 1, 3.

The book of Revelation is a book of dreams. Not dreams of the night, however, whose chief influence seems to be to disturb and distract, and to unfit the weary dreamer for the toils of the day; but these dreams are the dreams of the day, visions of the day light, when Patmos was all ablaze with light. And of this we may be fully assured that the venerable John was never so thoroughly awake, his eyes were never so widely open, his inner vision never more serene and intense, than when he "saw and heard" these wonderful things. The whole book of Revelation is full of mystery. Shall we wonder at this? Is not our present life full of mystery? And if a mystic film enshrouds the things we speak of as "seen" and "present," how reasonable to expect that the "unseen" and the "eternal" shall also be enveloped in mystery! If we need a "lamp" unto our feet and a "light" unto our path as we walk along the paths of time; if here we can see enough as glass to see, and only in part how much more shall we expect that mystery will gather all about the future. It doth not appear, because it can not yet appear, what we shall be, and what the modes or fashion of our being will be when we have passed beyond the bounds of time. It these visions of the Apocalypse are to be regarded as giving glimpses of the future, as casting gleams of eternal light upon the troubled ways of time, and if not, to what end were they given? Then every hint, every suggestion, is full of value and rich in the best of all wealth. Who that has gazed upon these pictures with any sort of care and attention, could say that either side negative points abound, with the manifest purpose of suggesting the grandest of all positives. When we are told that there is "no sun," "no moon," "no alternations of day or night," that there is "no temple" in that fair way, what does it mean? It mean but that secondary aids are no more needed, to light or life, or worship. The land that has no need of the sun has no shadows, there the ransomed of the Lord.

"Stand forever in the light." We need our temples here, our inspirations, and our aids to worship. What a glorious land that must be where all time is a Sabbath, and every breath is praise. As these visions close we catch a glimpse of the ever fruitful trees of Paradise. How lovely, how brilliant, how verdant in their waving splendors! And John tells us that these trees had a character different from all the trees that have tossed their lofty branches through the summer and winters of these fleeting years. These trees bare twelve kinds of fruit, and yield twelve crops a year. Now it matters little what special interpretation we place upon these varied fruits, we can not get away from this conclusion, that if we in our dream of the heavenly life choose to say that the variety of its benedictions will be multiplied twelve fold and that the abundance of its blessings will be multiplied twelve fold above and beyond all our earthly experience of blessing, this last chapter of Revelation perfectly justifies such a large and glorious hope. We do not know, we can not tell, but in a world where leaves are falling, and flowers have faded, and the gardens and the fields are bare, it is pleasant to dream of an unfading land, where nothing ripens to decay, but where the flowers bloom on, and the rees bear everlasting fruit.

SIGNS OF A HARD WINTER.

Angle Worms, Hornets Nests and Phenomena.

"This is going to be a hard Winter," said an old resident to a correspondent, "and I'll tell you why I say so. In the first place look at the hornets' nests. You will find them high up this Fall. That's a sure sign of a hard Winter. If it is going to be a mild Winter you will find them near the ground. Two years and three years ago the Winters were mild and the hornets nests were low down.

"Then take angle worms for another sign. Dig in the ground now and you will find them crawling two feet or more below the surface. They know what kind of weather is coming and they go down to avoid the frost. Two years ago I found them not three inches under the surface, and they stayed there all Winter.

"Fuzz on hogs is another sure sign of a severe Winter. Butcher a hog now and you will find a thick fuzz at the roots of the bristles. The fuzz wouldn't be there if next Winter wasn't going to be a tough one. Two and three years ago this Fall there wasn't a any fuzz at all on hogs, and you know how open the Winters were.

"I predicted a hard Winter in 1885 from these signs, and my neighbors ridiculed me, or tried to. But I got even on them. I had so much faith in the signs that I got a lot of boys to trap all the quails for me that they could. I wintered over two hundred quails, and in the Spring of 1856 there wasn't a live quail in the whole district except the ones I had. I turned them all loose at various points, and in the Fall we had some good shooting, which we wouldn't have had if I hadn't paid attention to the signs."

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Wheel of Fortune.

BY PAYSIE.

With a gay, happy heart and a bright smile on his face, Adolph left his home in the village and went into the city to learn the joiner's trade. He had several gold pieces in his purse, and as he trudged on the way he made rosy plans for the future. He had no trouble in finding a master, for his bright, honest face won friends for him at once, and soon Adolph had begun his work. At the same bench with him worked a boy by the name of Franz, who was very slow at learning, and chose this trade only because his father compelled him to do so. Although Franz and Adolph had the same master, they never were intimate friends, and spent only their working hours together.

It happened about this time that a wonderful proclamation was sent through the land. The King had a very beautiful daughter, for whom he wished to select a suitable husband. Many noble youths came from distant countries, in hope of gaining the Princess hand. But the King's daughter was not easily pleased. She declared that she would marry none of the princes that she had seen. The man who would become her husband must make for her a chair of rosewood, on the back and seat of which must be carved pictures of all the cities in the kingdom, and on the legs must be represented every kind of animal and bird. This wish of the Princess was printed on large posters, and hung on all the streets, and in the public houses, so that every one might know of it. There were many who would have liked to marry the beautiful Princess and the pigment and its vehicle vary, but this otherwise enlightened and lucky youth is as much the slave and victim of the inkpot, with its nasty contents as was the mediæval monk, the Roman or the Greek, the Egyptian under the First Dynasty, or the Chinaman of the time of Tien-Hwang the Celestial. Perhaps you and Franz will try to make the chair which the King's daughter so much desires. I wonder which one of you will succeed, and win the Princess for a wife."

"I fear, my master," replied Adolph, "that you are making sport of me. How could I with my little knowledge think of attempting such work?"

But Franz hung his head, and made no reply to his master's words. And nothing more was said about the master. But if Franz did not speak about the chair he certainly thought about it often, and determined to win the Princess. Then he could live in luxury, and would not be compelled to work.

One stormy night as Adolph was walking through the forest, he heard a voice speak to him. "Be careful, Adolph, and do not allow Franz to deceive you."

Adolph turned in astonishment to see the owner of the voice, and there, surrounded by a bright light, stood a small figure, which disappeared so suddenly that he was not able to gain a view of its features; but he did not forget the words, and wondered what the warning meant. In the meantime, Franz was planning how he should begin the chair. He had decided that neither his master nor Adolph would know anything about it, and that he would work at night while the others slept. Many nights he spent in the shop devising ways how he might procure the wood, and sometimes he was almost discouraged when he thought of the greatness of his undertaking. As he sat thus one evening, in the workshop, he heard 12 loud knocks, the door opened, and in came a dwarf, wrapped in a scarlet cloak, and wearing on his head a high, pointed hat. His face was made hideous by a long, crooked nose, snapping black eyes, a wide mouth, and a sharp chin. Franz trembled with fear at the sight of the ugly little creature, who laughed in a hoarse tone, and said: "Well, young man, you do not seem to be getting on very fast with your chair. Where is the wood of which it is to be made?"

Franz, pointing to a few pine boards, said: "I have no other wood than this, and it is not the right kind."

"I can soon fix that for you," said the dwarf, and he touched the boards with his wand, and immediately they became highly polished rosewood.

"I have a wheel," continued the dwarf, "and if you will fasten it to your bench and turn it, the work will be more easy. I can give you this wheel only on condition that you will never perform a kindness for anyone, and will always do just as I tell you."

As Franz hesitated the dwarf said: "If you accept the condition you can marry the Princess, live in the palace, and always have plenty of money. I shall leave the wheel with you for three days; but remember so soon as you begin to turn it you are my slave, and must always obey me."

The dwarf then disappeared, leaving Franz to think over his words. The youth was greatly tempted to use the wheel. He fastened it to the bench, but was afraid to turn it, for he thought: "The dwarf might be a very bad master, and even though I did live in a palace, he might give very disagreeable commands."

He then hid away the wood in a small closet, thinking that he would decide in the morning what to do. The next day, when the two boys were at their work, Franz said: "Adolph, see what a strange wheel I have found fastened here to my bench."

Adolph looked up from his work to examine the curious wheel. Then Franz said: "Turn it and see how merrily it goes around."

Adolph took hold of the wheel, and turned it several times, while Franz smiled and thought, "Now my chair is made, I have cheated the dwarf and Adolph must serve him, while I shall marry the Princess and live in the palace."

All day Franz was kept so busy that he could find no time to look in the closet where he had put the wood. But in the night he slipped away to the shop, and having lighted a candle, he peered eagerly into the dark ness, and to his great delight saw the chair, made exactly as the Princess had desired. He knew he would not be admitted to the palace during the night, but as soon as the dawn began to break, he carried the heavy chair to the royal residence. When the King heard that a youth, bringing a chair for the Princess, had come, he said: "Let the chair be left here, and tell the maker to return in an hour."

In the meantime, Alolph had slept soundly all night. In the morning when he was prepared to go to his work, he called out: "Listen to me, Adolph, to-day you shall marry the Princess."

And once more Adolph saw the same figure which he had met in the street; but such a bright light shone about it that he could scarcely look at it.

"Who are you?" asked the boy, "and what do you mean by such strange words? How could such a poor boy as I marry the King's daughter?"

"I am your friend," was the reply, "and if you will do as I say, you shall win the Princess. Go directly, to the palace, and without asking permission of any one, go through the white door into the hall, where you will see the King on his throne. Walk up to him and wait for him to speak to you."

The vison then vanished, and Adolph, lost no time in obeying its commands. When he reached the palace he was surprised to see that his coarse clothes had become the finest silk and velvet, and that a jewelled sword hung by his side. As he entered the hall, where the King and all the court were assembled, he heard voices saying: "Here is the Prince, who has made the chair."

But without heeding the cries Adolph advanced to the throne. The King rose to greet him, saying:

"My daughter is yours, and half of my kingdom I give to you."

At this moment Franz rushed in breathless haste into the hall, exclaiming:

"It is I who made the chair. The Princess is mine."

But the Princess declared that she would have nothing to do with such an ugly youth and that no other than Adolph should have her hand. The King, however, reminded his daughter of the proclamation about the chair, and told her to examine this one, and if it was wanting in any particular she might send Franz away and accept Adolph. Although the Princess looked carefully, she could find no fault with the chair. She then sat down in it; but instead of supporting her it fell to pieces, and all that remained of it was a few pine boards. Angry and mortified, Franz rushed from the place, and the first person he met was the dwarf, who shouted after him:

"Ha, ha, you thought you had cheated me. He will be many a long day before you live in the palace."

And the boy went back to his work, and der but wiser.

The Inventors Dance.

Come to think of it, we have been very slow in improving upon the present method of putting our thoughts on paper. But we had not long to wait for the work so generous until we read the other day an article on the subject in the New York *Sun*. Our contemporary writes so breezily and earnestly on the matter that we are becoming quite discontented with our lot and feel that we must soon have a change from the dull and monotonous style of getting out copy. Listen to the *Sun*:—"There is a matter worthy of the attention of the greatest inventive genius of the age. It is the matter of writing ink. The common method of inscribing words upon paper for the transmission or preservation of facts and ideas is a disgrace to modern civilization. Century after century has passed away without any radical improvement in the clumsy, wasteful, uncleanly, and offensive contrivance. Mechanism and the medium are practically the same as they have been from the dim dawn of history. The form of the stylus or steel pen changes, and the pigment and its vehicle vary, but this otherwise enlightened and lucky generation is as much the slave and the victim of the inkpot, with its nasty contents as was the mediæval monk, the Roman or the Greek, the Egyptian under the First Dynasty, or the Chinaman of the time of Tien-Hwang the Celestial. Perhaps you and Franz will try to make the chair which the King's daughter so much desires. I wonder which one of you will succeed, and win the Princess for a wife."

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HIDING PLACES FOR MONEY.

Criminals and Eccentric Persons Usually Hide Their Money.

"It is hard to tell where eccentric people will not hide their money," said a detective the other day to a reporter. "I was once sent for to find the money of a man who died suddenly, and left no visible trace of his wealth. The family had made a careful, systematic search before I arrived. I learned that he was not miserly, and inferred that he had not used any of those complicated methods of concealment which are so dear the miser's chief characteristic.

"I found that his business took him frequently from home and that he had formerly been a sailor. I asked what room he usually slept in, and they said, 'All over the house,' adding that they had fully examined every place in which he was ever known to be. I asked about his clothing and instated upon seeing it. Some one brought his garments in at last, and very shabby-looking they were. I went over them without success until my eye caught the binding.

"He always kept them well bound, said his wife; 'sailors are good savers.'

"The binding was wide, but we soon had it off, and there we found, folded long ways and protected with oil silk, fourteen $1,000 notes and a score of 'fivers.' A systematic search is often not as good as a shrewd guess by an experienced person.

"Yes, there are men who conceal wealth away from their homes. Criminals do so. Middle-aged men do so. Misers will do it, but when they get old they are almost always sure to hide it near the spot where they pass most of their time. I have found money in the covers of old family Bibles behind mirrors, in the chimney, in the ceiling, in the stuffing nailed to the wall, in false ceilings, balusters, pincushions, in the lining of old hats, in clocks, stoves and bronze images, in vases with the bottoms covered inside with plaster Paris, in black bottles weighed with shot and marked poison, in canes, shoes, and vest linings, in potted salmon tins and tea canisters, in cracked walls

XMAS. CARDS

A Large Stock of

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEARS

CARDS,

Just Opened Out This Week

—o— At —o—

BOLE'S

DRUG STORE.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY DEC. 4 .891.

TOWN and COUNTRY.

Threshers all wire goggles at Bole's.

Plan of Hall for Cosgrove Concert Tuesday evening at Bole's Drug Store.

WANTED—A smart boy, as apprentice to the printing trade. Apply at the TIMES Office.

Mr. G. M. Annable spent several days this week, in Indian Head on business.

It is reported that the Northwest Legislative Assembly will be called together on December 10th.

Messrs Robert and George Moore have purchased the steam threshing outfit of Mr. F. W. Green.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church will hold their annual bazaar and sale of goods on December 15th.

A binding twine factory will shortly be established in Winnipeg. Local capitalists are interested.

Parties wishing to purchase a fine Fall or Winter Overcoat will do well to call on J. McIlmish.—25.

Wheat is selling this week at from 60 to 62 cents, at the farmers' wagons, for best grade. Car lots 64 cents.

Mr. J. F. Watkins of the TIMES staff, left on Sunday evening for a two weeks visit to friends in Manitoba.

The Regina Standard will this week discard the "patent inwards" and henceforth be of home manufacture throughout.

Conductor H. G. Hubbell will shortly remove to Brandon, where he has secured a run as passenger conductor.

Mr. Wm. Colpman, one of the town fathers of Lethbridge, passed through Moose Jaw on Tuesday evening en route for Old England.

Contractor Bradshaw will commence work on the bridge across the Moose Jaw river as soon as the material, which is ordered arrives.

Mr. Geo. Keys is pushing forward the erection of the skating rink on High street and expects to have it ready to open on Monday night.

The Government of Manitoba have forwarded 1,000 maps of the province for distribution on the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways.

A meeting of all interested in the formation of a curling club in Moose Jaw will be held in the C. P. R. Dining Hall on Monday evening next at 20 o'clock.

Mr. A. K. Grayson left on Tuesday evening for a trip to Ontario. The object of "Als" visit is at present a mystery but we believe congratulations will be in order on his return.

Councillor F. G. Herrler, returned on wednesday evening from the west. Fred worked at his trade in Lethbridge and Great falls, since he left here last June, and reports times brisk at these western towns.

Calgary will vote on December 8th, on a by law to bonus the Calgary Water Power to the amount of $4,000 in consideration of the erection of a flouring mill, besides granting exemption from taxation for 20 years.

A horrible accident occurred about 20 miles northwest of Norwood, Minn. near the Canadian boundary, Friday forenoon. The boiler of a threshing machine exploded, killing two men and seriously wounding four others.

Mr. Hugh Ferguson returned on Sunday morning from Manitoba. Hugh left here on Oct. 17th. with a car load of horses, which he disposed of in Southern Manitoba and brought back two car loads of cattle.

The family of Mr B. Fletcher, our popular veterinary surgeon, have arrived from Ontario, and have taken up their residence in the house lately vacated by Mr J. E. Annable at the corner of Main and River streets.

In our report last week of the entertainment given in aid of the Church of St. John the Baptist, we neglected to notice the song of Mr. T. E. Birbeck, entitled "The Englishman" which was rendered in good style and was well received.

The C. P. R. land department is endeavoring to promote emigration to Manitoba and the western Territories from the Maritime provinces, a large proportion of which has in past years drifted into the States. In order to [illegible] department de[illegible] farmers [illegible] inces, [illegible] with their families and effects free of charge. Such letters should be addressed to Mr. L. A. Hamilton, C. P. R. land commissioner.

Watson's outfit the last to keep at work on the C & E. grade, stopped work last week, having completed the grade to within eight miles of Macleod. Watson's outfit will winter south of Macleod. The rails are laid to the banks of Mosquito Creek fifty miles from Macleod.

The jury at Morden, Man., empannelled to investigate the cause of the death of Brakeman Fraser, brought in the following verdict; "That the said Daniel Fraser came to his death by suffocation in wheat in the late accident at Morden, on Nov 24th., caused by the breaking of a train between Thornhill and Darlingford.

Mr. James Walsh, of Alameda, Assa, spent Sunday in town. Mr. Walsh has been engaged in the fur business for over forty years, and has travelled over the greater portion of North America. He finds a wonderful change in Moose Jaw, and complimented the townspeople on the improved appearance of the town.

Ninga, merchants are very indignant at the state of their market, claiming that having no competition their wheat is from eight to fifteen cents a bushel lower than in neighboring towns. Consequently they are suffering by having wheat that should be marketed there go elsewhere. They have appealed to Winnipeg dealers to send buyers there.

W. R. Gunn, advocate, has filed a petition with the Lieutenant Governor against the return of Charles Nolan as member for Batoche, in the legislative assembly, and claiming the seat for C. E. Boucher, the defeated candidate. The matter will be ventilated in the Supreme court shortly. The conduct of the returning officer and two of his deputies is also complained of.

Some people gives an excuse for not advertising, that they have been long established in their trade and are known to all from whom they are likely to obtain patronage. In this country of rapid changes, such a claim is simply absurb. The newcomers should be invited to trade with the old firms, else the young rivals will get them and the old customers also.

Recent changes in the staff at the C. P. R. offices are as follows;—Chief Despatcher Fink has been removed to Winnipeg, his place being filled by Mr. A. Wilcox; Mr. Rutherford has been promoted to Mr. Wilcox's former position, and Mr. Fisher, formerly commercial operator taking Mr. Rutherford's place. Mr. J. S. Macdonald of Rush Lake has been promoted to Mr. Fisher's old desk.

We hear a great deal nowaday of the great benefits which the farmers would derive from free trade with the United States. A short time ago the Winnipeg correspondent of the Toronto papers, telegraphed that wheat was 20 cents a bushel more at Neche, Dakota than it was at Gretna, Man. The Winnipeg Free Press made special inquiries into the matter, and found that since the market opened, wheat has been from 3 to 5 cents a bushel higher in Manitoba than on the Dakota side of the boundary.

A case of considerable interest to persons doing business in the Territories came before Justices Daniel and Hewgill at the police barracks Moosomin. Mr. Thomas F. Woodhead, representing a Winnipeg firm of stationers and printers, was summoned for offering for sale a bill wallet to a person who was neither a wholesale nor retail dealer in stationery without taking out a licence as required by the town by-law in reference to hawkers and peddlers. He was fined $3 and costs.

The C. P. R. company are erecting another giant elevator at Fort William and 50 carpenters leave Toronto this week to assist in its construction. The movement of grain from the Northwest has been so heavy that it has taxed the capacity of the railway to the utmost to handle it, and with the close of navigation the pressure will be still greater and it has been deemed necessary to build another elevator and store grain as it is received. Toronto Globe.

Concert goers will be pleased to learn that the Cosgrove Concert Co. will give one of their delightful entertainments in Campbell's Hall, on Tuesday evening the 8th. inst. This company is composed of purely Canadian talent, and from the flattering press notices received by them, must be well worth hearing. Of this clever company the Winnipeg Free Press says;—"The Cosgrove Concert Company gave their second performance at the Princess last night. The numerous specialties proved entertaining and called forth a good deal of applause, and several encores. Mr. Driscoll the Irish comedian, with the change of bill seemed to make the big get hit of the show. Today the company leave for a western tour and can be recommended as a first-class musical comedy company.

The regular meeting of the Moose Jaw School Board was held in the school room last Friday evening. Present, Dr. Turnbull, Chairman, Messers. Hannah, Sharp, Naismith and Baker. The minutes of previous meetings' regular and special were read and adopted.

A Communication was received from the janitor re kindling wood, which the chairman undertook to look after.

Moved by Wm. Hannah, seconded by Jno. Naismith that E. A. Baker & Co. account for $7.00 be paid—Carried—The business of engaging teachers for 1892 was then taken up.

Moved by W. Hannah seconded by J. Naismith that Miss Pa[illegible] be re-engaged for the year 1892 at the same salary as they are receiving for 1891 and that the Secretary notify them to that effect.—Carried.

Moved by J. Naismith, seconded by T. B. Baker that Mr. J. A. Calder be re-engaged for 1892 at a salary $1200—Carried.

Moved by A. Sharp, seconded by W. Hannah that the Secretary be instructed to advertise for a teacher for the Intermediate Department of the Moose Jaw Union School in the following papers; Montreal Weekly Witness St. John Telegraph, Weekly Free Pree. Toronto Weekly Mail and Regina Leader. Applications to be in by December 24th. Qualification 2nd class or 1st class, normal training, married man preferred. Application to state salary required. Moved in amendment by T. B. Baker that Mr. H. Lang be re-engaged for the year 1892 at a salary of $600 per year.

The motion was carried and the amendment not getting a seconder was at request of mover, recorded in the minutes.

Moved by John Naismith, seconded by Wm. Hannah, that the attention of the principal be called to section 76 of school ordinance.—Carried.

Moved by A. Sharp, seconded by J. Naismith that the long looked for monthly financial report of the secretary treasurer be presented at the next regular meeting.—Carried.—Board adjourned.

A Calgary item says: Frank Britton, a pugilist from Seattle, has challenged George White, a local man, to a glove contest with 14 ounce gloves. Britton specifies that the fight is to be under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and to take place in Calgary three weeks after signing articles, for from $250 to $500 a side, the winner to take the gate receipts. Britton will fight to a limited number of rounds, or to a finish. It is not yet known whether White will accept or not.

There is more truth than poetry in the following, which we clip from an exchange:—Every newspaper published is cursed with an occasional subscriber who has a very small soul. We are always thankful when such lift themselves from our list. The sooner the better. They generally refuse to take the paper from the office, after taking it two or three years without paying a cent for it—plain stealing with an insult added—or else they move away without saying a word or paying a nickle. Or they at once discover that they never ordered it; never wanted it; never received it regularly, not more than half the time and wont pay for it. It either case it is a cowardly act, such as no honorable man would be guilty of. The proper way to stop a paper is to pay up first and then stop it any way you please afterwards. If you are a gentleman and dont owe a cent, walk into the office, look the gentleman in charge full in the eyes, and tell him you dont wish or can't afford it. If you are not honest put it back in the post office and mark it "refused."

On Friday evening last a pleasant gathering was held in the C. P. R. Dining Hall at Moose Jaw the occasion being a meeting of the parishioners of the Church of St. John the Baptist, to bid good bye and God Speed to their esteemed Incumbent who was leaving for a four months visit to his home, in the Old Land. There were about forty present. Mr. T. B. Baker was appointed chairman and in a few well chosen and appropriate remarks explained the object of the gathering, and called upon Mr. R. L. Alexander to read an address to Mr. Brown. At the conclusion of the reading of the address, it and a purse containing $116 was presented to Mr. Brown. The address contained warm expressions of appreciation of the good done by Mr. Brown during his two years incumbency of this parish, and the best wishes of his friends, for a pleasant visit and a safe return. Although completely taken by surprise Mr. Brown made a fitting reply, thanking not only his parishioners, but the people of the town in general, for their kindness to him and expressing his kindly feelings towards Moose Jaw. Should it ever be his lot to return to the Northwest, there is no place to which he would rather come, than Moose Jaw. After speechmaking was concluded, refreshments were served to the guests and a few hours were pleasantly spent. Mr. Brown left on Saturday night's express.

TOWN AFFAIRS.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

Sir,—As the time is drawing near in which the rate payers will again be called upon to say who shall represent them for the coming year at the Council Board, it may not be out of place to refer to some of the acts of the present Council as well as to some of those things which as a Council they have not done.

It will be in the memory of your readers that in the fall of 1889 that the then chairman of Finance, now Mayor, over his signature in the TIMES gave what purported to be a true financial statement of the town during that year, showing the balance that was in the treasury when the Council of 1889 took office and how the balance then stood. In a subsequent issue of your paper, some one signing himself Observer took objection to the financial statement as given by Mr. Rutherford, Chairman of Finance, showing pretty plainly and most conclusively that his statement was not correct and that worthy financier failed to reply or contradict Observer's statements, and on what grounds, simply because Observer did not give his name, every nice way out of a difficulty or failure to escape dilemma of being unable to back up his figures. I am not sure whether Observer stated or not, I think he did, that when a proper audit of the town accounts would be brought before the Council and published, the incompetency of the Finance Chairman stand would be set at at by the way such an audit never appeared before the public for I think I am right in saying that ever since the TIMES was started not a single audit of the town has been published, if so dear Editor I will think you to say in what issue it was published. While on the subject of audits it may not be out of place to ask, also for the good of the tax payers of the town, has the audit of 1890 been yet published, or perhaps it would be better to ask through the medium of the TIMES if the audit of 1890 has yet been laid before the Council Board, for not many months ago it had not yet been presented to that body, and what does the Ordinance say on this point, perhaps the majority of the Council does not know that such a thing as an audit requires to be made and laid before them. Perhaps it is on the score of economy that the audits if made have not been published, and yet we have a local paper and not for once has an audit or even a mere abstract of it been published in its pages. How are the ratepayers to know how much and for what has all their money been expended, if not given to the press especially as the Clerk refuses to let ratepayers see certain other public records of the town and the Council at a meeting, pass a resolution saying the Clerk did right, but when Mr. Alexander could not get justice from the Council at the court of revision, appealed to the Judge and Judge Richardson came up and held a court and heard Mr. A's. appeal, he then got justice and the Judge in very strong and emphatic language informed both the Council and that worthy scribe, the town Clerk, that all books, assessment rolls and other documents were only in the custody of the Clerk and at all reasonable hours to be accessible to the ratepayers, notwithstanding that the Council by motion backed up the Clerk in his illegal action. While upon the question of town Clerk may I be permitted to ask if one wants to see any of the public records of the town, when and how one is to see them, where is the Clerk's office, and what days or parts of days and hours may that worthy be found at his office or be conveniently got to go to his office in order to give any ratepayer so asking information about the affairs of the town.

RATEPAYER

We are forced to hold over a part of Ratepayer's communication criticizing the Council's actions until next issue. ED. TIMES.

Annual Meeting of Railway Employees.

A large number of railway employees met at their reading room well evening it being the date of the annual general meeting for the transaction of library business. At this annual meeting, the officers for the ensuing year are elected. The meeting was called to order by Mr. James Rollo, loco-motive foreman who is chairman of the managing committee. The minutes of previous meetings were read and confirmed. The secretary treasurer read the annual financial report which shows the institution to be in good financial standing, there being a cash balance on hand of $457 57. A large amount of minor business details was transacted. The question of the employes fuel supply being largely discussed and it was resolved that the fuel supply for the employes be handled by the Library Management Committee in future. The library funds will be used to get supplies and any employee wanting fuel will simply have to go to the secretary of the library leave his order and the fuel will be sent to him.

This it is expected will be quite a boon to those who are not in a position to get up car loads and the boys duly appreciate the kindness of Mr. Hoite, the General Supt in allowing these arrangements to be made.

The following officers were duly elected for the ensuing year:—

President Mr. W. Whyte, Genl. supt. western division; 1st. Vice President, Mr. Thos. Tait, Genl. Supt. Ontario and Quebec division; 2nd Vice President, Mr. C. W. Milestone, asst. supt., Moose Jaw.

Managing Committee;—Messrs. Rollo, Wilcox, Neeland, Vance, Franks Hannah and Lowe.

Mr. Rollo was re elected chairman, and Mr. Neeland, re elected secretary treasurer.

A large number of new books have been selected and will soon be added to the library.

BIRTHS.

Higgs. In Port Sanilac, Michigan, on Thursday 27th ult., the wife of Mr. Amos Higgs, Mail Clerk, Moose Jaw, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

GOMARTY—FEELY.—At the Windsor hotel, Moose Jaw, on Wednesday Dec. 2nd by Rev. W. L. Clay, Herbert Gobbitt, Butcher of Medicine Hat, to Jenny Feely of Moose Jaw.

STRAYED

Into my herd, one dark brown broncho, heavy set. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

G. M. ANNABLE.
Moose Jaw

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the ensuing session of the legislature of the North West Territories for an Act to confirm the powers conferred on the Bell Telephone Company of Canada by the Act of the Parliament of Canada passed in the Forty second and Forty-fifth years of Her Majesty's reign and Chaptered respectively 67 and 95, in regard to those portions of the Company's work and undertaking which are local and to make the said Company a Corporation under the laws of the North West Territories, and to authorize it to carry on its business in the North West Territories, and to construct, erect, acquire, lease, maintain and operate local lines of telephone for the transmission of messages between any cities, towns, villages or other places in the said Territories and for other purposes.

Dated the Fourteenth day of October, A. D., 1891.

McDONALD, TUPPER, PHIPPEN & TUPPER,
Solicitors for Applicants.

NOTICE.

All outstanding accounts must be settled before Nov. 4th, failing which they will be collected with costs of collection added.

JOHN BRASS

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle their accounts before January 1st 1892 otherwise the accounts will be placed in the hands of a Solicitor for collection.

T. D. EVANS

LAFFERTY & MOORE,

Bankers,

AND

FINANCIAL AGENTS.

Head Office—CALGARY.

Branch Offices:

Edmonton, Vancouver, B. C. Moosomin. Moose Jaw.

Agents:—BANK OF MONTREAL.

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QUEENS HOTEL

A First-Class Boarding House

The house has been refitted and the public can rely on finding it clean and comfortable.

10 T. E. McWilliams.

LADIES!

For First Class

HEINTZMAN PIANOS,

And

Karn Pianos and Organs,

Warranted for Seven Years.

Go to

W. D. PALMER,

River Street, East.

Sole Agent for

Domestic & New Raymond

SEWING MACHINES.

Payment on the Installment Plan.

For the Celebrated

BELL PIANO AND ORGAN,

The Best in the Market,

or the

White and New Williams

SEWING MACHINES,

go to

Wm. McCarter, Agent.
Moose Jaw.

Prices and Terms to Suit Purchasers.

Stock taken from farmers in exchange for Organs and Sewing Machines.

Just Arrived!

ONE CAR LOAD

OF GOOD

YOUNG ONTARIO MARES,

FOR SALE!

Apply to

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Contractor and Builder.

SASHES, DOORS,

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Estimates, Plans and Specifications Furnished on Application.

Fretsels workmanship Guaranteed

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And see the Large Assortment of

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Manufactured in Germany.

Prices - Moderate.

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LUMBER,

LATH,

SHINGLES,

WINDOWS AND DOORS.

Now is the time to order

Storm Windows & Doors.

R. BOGUE,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE,

TINWARE,

CROCKERY, GROCERIES

DRY-GOODS,

BOOTS & SHOES

Flour and Feed!

Sole Agent in Moose Jaw for

CELEBRATED SOURIS FLOUR,

RAPID SEWING MACHINES, LAURANCE'S SPECTACLES.

R. BOGUE.

FURNITURE!

SPLENDID PLUSH PARLOR SUITE FOR $60.00,

The Best Value Ever Offered in Moose Jaw.

All kinds of

Furniture, Bedroom Suites, Extension Tables, Sideboards, Etc., Etc.

Im Fact Everything to Suit the Trade.

Call and get Prices. No trouble to show Goods.

CALL AND SEE THOSE OAK ROCKERS FOR XMAS.

JOHN BELLAMY.

SETTLERS! SETTLERS SETTLERS

CALL AND SEE MY STOCK OF

STOVES AND FURNITURE

Eavetroughing, Roofing and General Jobbing Promptly Attended to.

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THE BEST FURNACES MADE IN CANADA.

Estimates Furnished for Heating Buildings of any size

Persons Requiring HOT AIR FURNACES call for Estimates

BEFORE JUNE 1ST.

REFERENCES—C. A. GASS, JOHN RUTHERFORD.

JOHN BRASS,

Main street Opposite Post Office

BE A MAN

Laocoon in the coils of the fatal serpents was not more helpless than is the man who pines under the effects of disease, excesses, overwork, worry, etc. Rouse yourself. Take heart of hope again and BE A MAN! We have cured thousands, who allow us to refer to them. WE CAN CURE YOU by use of our exclusive methods and appliances. Simple, unfailing treatment at home for **Lost or Failing Manhood, General or Nervous Debility, Weaknesses of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. Improvement seen the first day. How to enlarge and strengthen, WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS AND PARTS OF BODY. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address**

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4

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FROM MOOSE JAW,

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TICKETS!

To all parts in the East on sale daily from

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GOOD FOR THREE MONTHS,
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Stop Overs at Any Point.

Passengers taken through with Comfort and much destination quicker than by any other route.

Direct Trains, no Change of Cars, no Examination of Baggage by Custom House Officers.

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Apply to nearest agent for full particulars, or to

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Moose Jaw,

or to ROBT. KERR,
General Pass. Agent, Winnipeg

NEW BUTCHER SHOP,

Next door south of Post Office.

G. B. WALLACE

Wishes to inform the people of Moose Jaw and surrounding district that he is prepared to cater to their wants in all kinds of

Fresh Meats,
Salt and Smoked Meats,
Fish, Poultry, Sausages, &c.
GAME IN SEASON.

The public are respectfully invited to call and inspect my stock.

G. B. WALLACE,
Main street

OTTAWA HOTEL!

This Hotel will now be found to be First class in everyparticular.

EVERY ATTENTION PAID TO GUESTS

R. H. HOLT Prop

RIVER STREET—West.

$50 REWARD.

The above reward will be paid to any person returning 19 Shropshire Ewes, lost from Eyebrow Lake Ranche. A proportionate share of the reward will be paid to any one returning any number of the ewes to Wm. Walsh's Livery Stable, Moose Jaw.

DONALD McLEAN, 19-17-8.

Box 3, Moose Jaw.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that [illegible] Edward Ludlow Watson [illegible] of the Supreme Court of the [illegible] District, have by virtue of [illegible] appointed [illegible] Assistant [illegible] Herbert [illegible] force, since their appointment in connection with which said [illegible] in writing within such period as [illegible] and make public by such advertisement [illegible] shall deem sufficient.

I have fixed between this twelfth day of December instant and the [illegible] December next, both inclusive, as the period in which said charges shall be preferred and said complaints shall be in writing and shall contain a clear statement of the act or omission complained of, with the date and place thereof and a list of the witnesses to be examined thereon, containing their respective places of residence.

It is suggested that with each complaint a same and post office address be given to which any requisite notice may be forwarded.

Such complaints shall be preferred before me at Moosomin.

After all complaints are lodged, times and places will be fixed for enquiry into same.

Dated at Moosomin, the twelfth day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

E. L. WETMORE.